

The Heart of Iris

By John G. Saxe

When the dawn of war had arrived,
 When the world was in the last glance,
 And the heart of the world that Iris have failed
 To save, and the world that leaves for France—
 The heart of the world is all too great.

How many hearts that weary heart must pass
 In the dark, and the heart is an unknown thing?
 The heart is still, and the heart is at this dark hour,
 Unknown of the world, and the heart may bring—
 The heart is still, and the heart is all too well.



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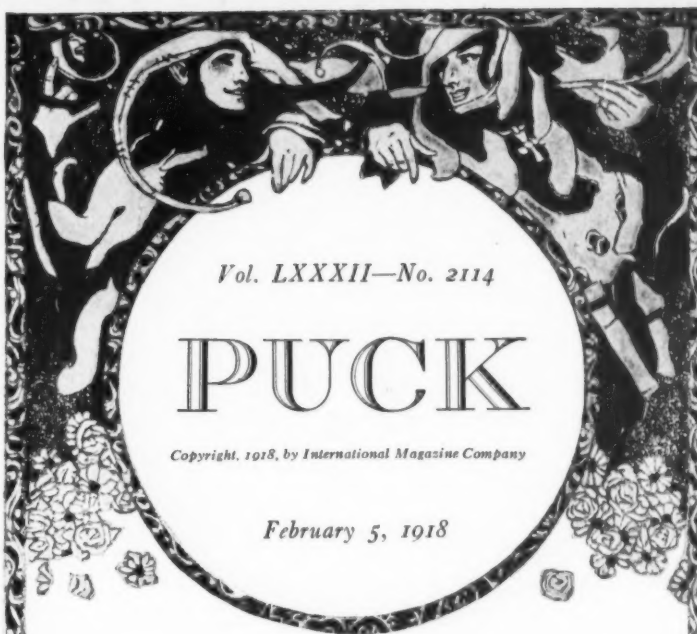
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ON Wednesday, February 20th, Puck is going to give a party. You are invited. Here are some of the others that will be there:

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who interviews Emily Stevens, the star in Mr. Dale's own new show, and

A dozen others—

each of them accorded a seat at Puck's table because of some one characteristic that lifts it far out of the rut of the commonplace.

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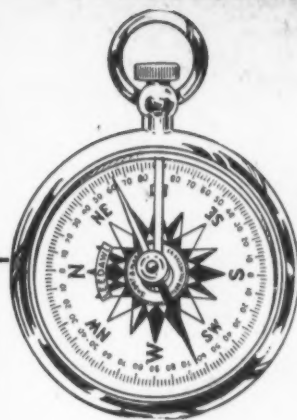
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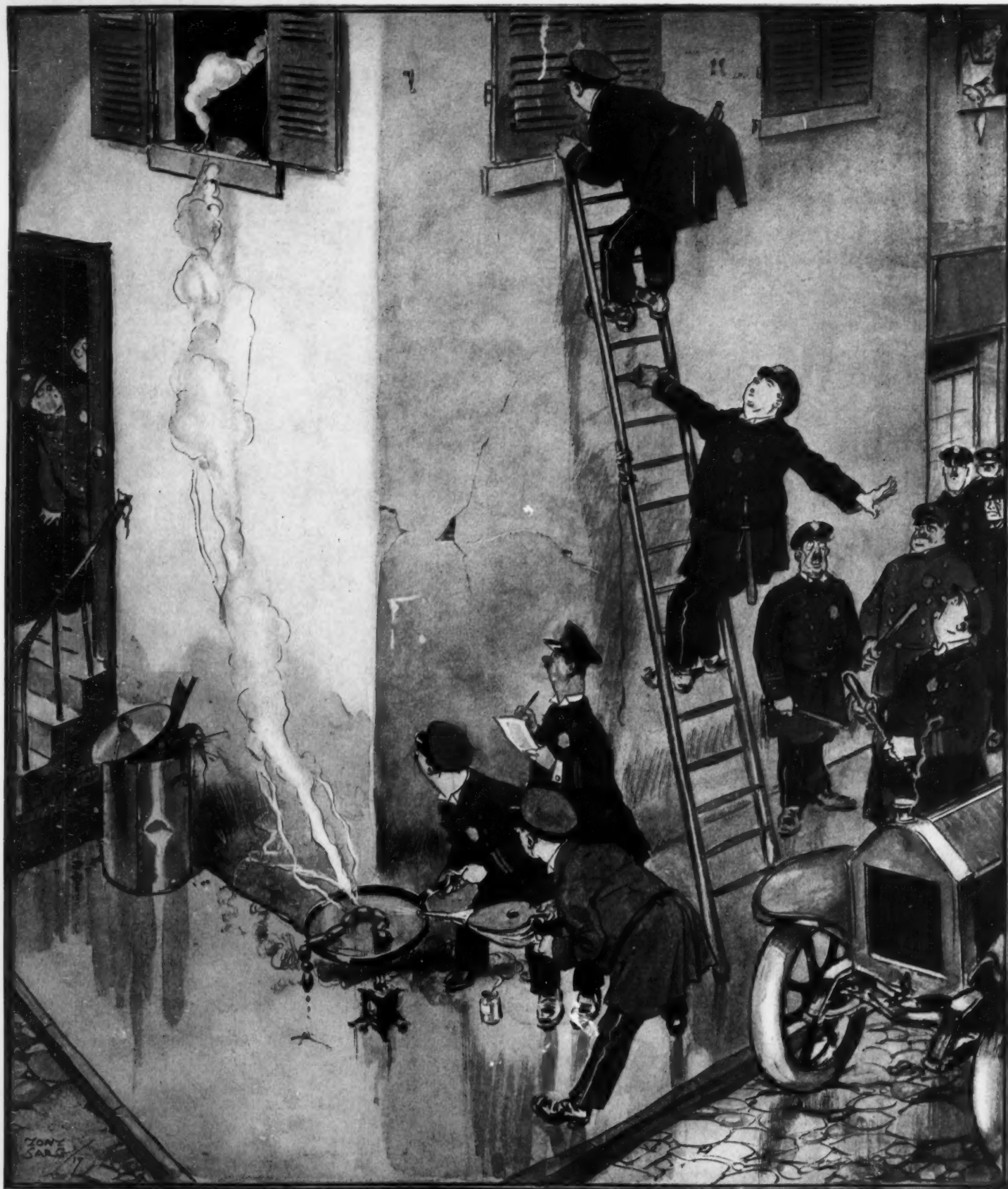
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Luring the Enemy Alien from His Lair

by TONY SARG

What Fools These Mortals Be!

OF course, Congress can get around some of Mr. Hoover's restrictions by reminding him that Pork is not a red meat.

A few characters out of Mythology might render excellent service at Prussian Headquarters, these days. Notably, Orpheus, whose specialty was taming brutes.

People seem to have overlooked the fact that Her Majesty, the late Marie Antoinette, was something of a food director in her day and generation. "If they can't get bread, let them eat cake," she very practically suggested.

It is unfortunate that the diamond "horseshoe" at the Opera cannot shine so as to relieve the gloom of Broadway's lightless nights.

When Prohibition comes the Toastmaster at many a banquet may make the alarming discovery that he has nobody with him tonight.

An investigator at the Springfield Arsenal was shocked at the sight of a number of workers playing checkers. Why be shocked, when it is the object of even the Allied high command to get its pieces on the king row—at Potsdam?

It would be interesting to know just how many nails, by proxy, La Folette has driven in that statue of von Hindenburg.

The Turk has somewhat the mental attitude of the Minor Leagues of Base Ball. He doesn't quite know whether to prepare for Spring training or not.

If a soldier were built like a profiteer, he would lay down, say, ten per cent of his life for his country. A request for more than that would come under the head of "confiscation."

At last accounts, Mr. Nicholas Romanoff was much addicted to whist. If such is still the case, he is the only noiseless thing in Russia.

It takes all sorts of people to make a world; including, of course, the woman who pays one dollar to the Red Cross and eighteen dollars for a knitting bag.

When the Kaiser dumps his medals into the ammunition melting-pot, the end of the war will be visible even to the naked eye.

In his ability to be off ag'in, on ag'in and—at least, to some extent—away ag'in, Kerensky merits the title of the Russian Finnegan. Up to the hour of going to press, anyway.

Lloyd George's latest speech would seem to indicate that he no longer insists upon a "knock-

out." He will be satisfied with a decision, and the winner's share of the purse, in a "limited-round bout."

The Crown Prince, we opine, will never make trouble like Father used to make. The book of

With the alcoholic content of beer reduced to a fraction over 2 percent., a certain familiar slogan will be revised to read: Eat, Drink and Bevo Merry.

We are a forgetful people. A year from now, or even less, we may be confusing Bolsheviks with Gehfuelle Fisch.

One thing that isn't bothering Russia at the moment is the fact that all sorts of substitutes are put on the market in the name of Russian caviar.

We need," says the Kaiser, "the aid of God." If Wilhelm thinks of offering prayer, we suggest as a fitting shrine the Cathedral at Rheims, while his own guns are shelling it.

If "food will win the war," Haig, Joffre and Pershing might retire in favor of the Beef Trust and the Cold Storage interests. Then, indeed, would the world be safe for democracy!

What with Germany his nearest neighbor, and Russia his next-nearest, all the King of Denmark needs to make him perfectly happy is another visit from Dr. Cook.

The United States and Great Britain are becoming so chummy and confidential that future historians may get their facts all mixed up, even to the extent of speaking of General Lloyd-George Washington.

If it ever snows hard enough to make our official Red Tape look white, we shall know then that we've had a real, record-breaking blizzard.

The Kaiser lost a possible trick when he failed to summon St. Valentine to his aid. Contact-bombs in the shape of hearts would be just the thing for the London juvenile trade, if we interpret the meaning of Frightfulness correctly.

With de luxe trains in the discard and freight getting the right of way over passenger traffic everywhere, the hardy Florida tourist had better equip himself with a quartet of mules and a prairie-schooner. "Palm Beach or Bust."

Eva Tanguay, having recently secured "another divorce," should be first on the line for the next issue of Liberty Bonds.

It is possible that both the Sultan and the Emperor of Austria, not overlooking the King of Bulgaria, would be willing to concede the wisdom of Washington's words on the subject of "entangling alliances."

Word comes from South America that Count Luxburg, German envoy of Spurler Versenkt fame, is now insane. This, from our "idiotic Yankee" viewpoint, should entitle him to a high place at the Potsdam council table.



Shrecklichkeit Recipes is shortly to go out of print.

The characters of Mother Goose are sometimes too demonstrative. Little Boy Blue wound his horn, you recall, simply because there were cows in the corn and sheep in the meadow. If there had been coal in the cellar, he would have had something to blow about.

Broadway will not worry so long as nights are merely lightless. When the Footlightless Night arrives, Broadway will release a few well-chosen words.

The New Yorker is prey to much uncertainty. For instance, when the Red Ball appears he doesn't know whether to go skating in the park, or to line up on Fifth Avenue to welcome a Japanese Commission.

If he is at all patriotic, the hold-up man remains quietly at home on all lightless nights.

It all depends upon the times in which a man lives. Shylock, today, might have preferred three and a half of granulated sugar to merely one pound of flesh.

"Business as usual," is an impossible theory in war, declares Secretary McAdoo. The soundness of which the Profiteer heartily concedes. After the war, however, he may again be content with just "reasonable profit."



This, so avers M. De Zayas, is Mr. Nelson O'Shaughnessy, our one-time spunky Chargé at Mexico City. Never having sneaked up behind Mr. O'Shaughnessy, we are obliged to accept the artist's word for the likeness.



Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews are enjoying "Manon Lescaut"—at least either Mr. or Mrs. Clews is enjoying it. Perhaps Mr. Clews, having seen Caruso leap aboard ship at Havre so many times since he acquired his Metropolitan box, has turned his glasses into the stalls for a hasty survey of the house.

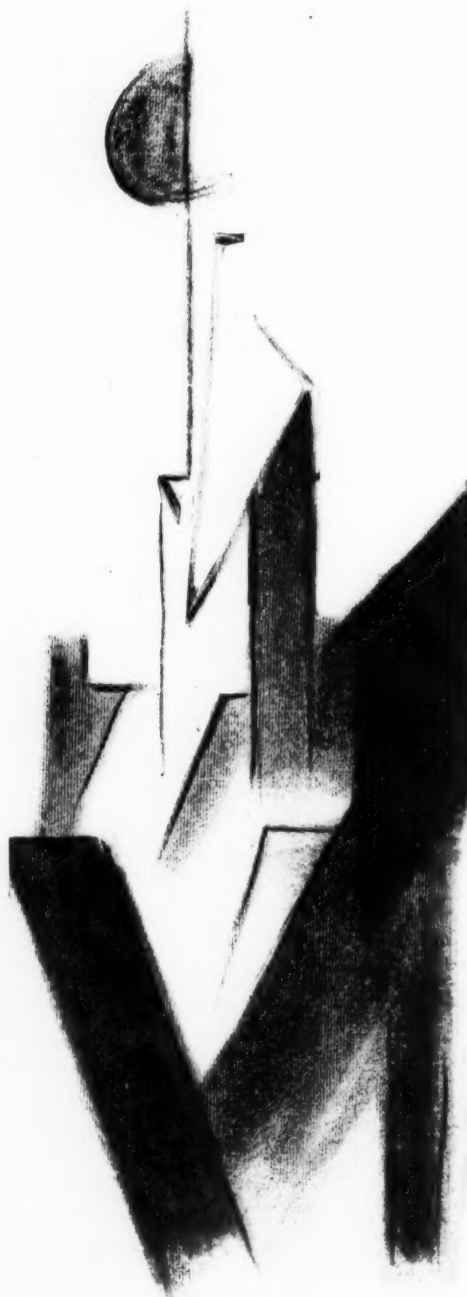


Here we have Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, deep in the problem of finding some additional avenue through which he can increase the sum total of the charitable work he is doing for the Allied cause.

Passing Portraits

by MARIUS DE ZAYAS

M. DE ZAYAS is caricaturist in particular to New York Society, and he performs the office in a thoroughly modern manner. Just why the modernist school should call the lady to the right Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney we are at loss to explain, for Mrs. Whitney has been most receptive and kind to every new shift in the winds of art. Still, this is Mrs. Whitney as she appears to the advanced exponents of the newer art, and Mrs. Whitney she will have to be.

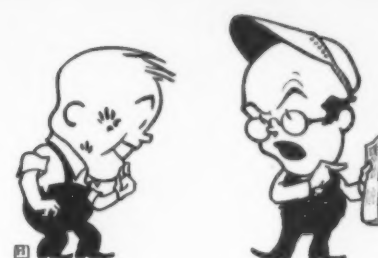


Mr. Vincent Astor is here shown before he exchanged "conventional evening" for the uniform of the United States Navy, in which he is doing patrol service abroad.



On the Other Hand

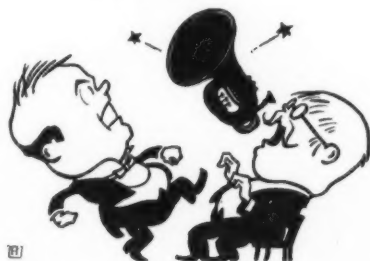
by K. C. B.



THERE WAS a sign.
IN A restaurant.
AND it said.
THAT ALL of the patrons.
WOULD BE glad to know.
THAT WITH their help.
THE RESTAURANT had saved.
A TON of sugar.
SINCE IT started to save.
BUT IT didn't tell.
WHAT THE restaurant man.
HAD DONE with the money.
HE HADN'T paid.
FOR THE ton of sugar.

THERE WAS another sign.
IN AN office building.
AND it said.
THAT BECAUSE of the war.
AND THE shortage of coal.
THE ELEVATOR service.
WOULD BE cut in half.
AND THERE wouldn't be heat.
AFTER 5 o'clock.
BUT IT didn't tell.
WHAT THE landlord would do.
WITH THE money he saved.

IT ALWAYS worries me.
HOW SO many stores.
CAN SELL goods.
AT LESS than cost.
AND keep open.



AND I heard a man say.
THAT since the war.
IT ALWAYS made him mad.
WHEN HE heard an orchestra.
PLAY German music.
AND ANOTHER man said.
HE SHOULDN'T get mad.
IF THE German music.
WAS GOOD music.
AND THE first man said.
THAT A piece of red flannel.
OF THE finest quality.
WAS JUST as dangerous.
WITH A bull around.
AS A red bandanna.
IF YOU get what he meant.

I KNOW a man.
WHO READ in a book.
THAT AT fifty years of age.
EIGHTY per cent.
OF ALL business men.
LOST everything they had.

AND HE worried about it so.
HE COULDN'T attend to his business.
AND went broke.
AND the moral is.
I SHOULD worry!

AND THERE was a woman.
AND NIGHT after night.
SHE WENT to the theatre.
AND TO parties.



AND NEVER stayed home.
AND always.
SHE WAS complaining.
ABOUT HER servants.
BECAUSE after dinner.
THEY'D sneak away.
AND GO to the movies.

I KNOW a man.
WHO loves girls.
AND OUT of a town.
WHERE THERE'S a girls' school.
HE WAS the only man.
IN A chair car.
THAT WAS full of girls.
AND HE sat there.
ALL afternoon.
AND WHENEVER they laughed.
HE thought.
THEY WERE laughing at him.
AND altogether.
HE HAD a rotten time.

DEAR MR. Hoover.
I WISH you'd tell me.
WHY IT is.
THAT on Tuesdays.
AND Fridays.
I ALWAYS want meat.
AND ON Sundays.
AND Mondays.
AND Wednesdays.
AND Thursdays.
AND Saturdays.



I'D JUST as soon.
EAT fish.
AS anything else.

UP IN Boston.
THERE IS a newspaper.
THAT RISES to move.
THAT THE word interment.
BE substituted.
FOR THE word internment.

AND AT that.
THEY MIGHT do it.
AND BLAME it on the printer.
OR THE proof-reader.
THEY wouldn't mind.
THEY'RE used to it.

HE WAS a soldier.
FROM "over there."
AND HE arrived in New York.
AFTER A snow-storm.
AND for days.
HE wandered around.
IN THE slush.
AND EVERY little while.
IN THE subway.
UNDER his feet.
THERE'D BE an explosion.
AND whenever he'd try.
TO CROSS the street.
A TAXI driver.
WOULD SEE him.



AND CHASE him back.
AND IN two weeks.
HE WAS crazy.
AND WROTE a letter.
TO HIS captain.
"SOMEWHERE in France."
AND said.
"DEAR Captain.
"DON'T come back.
"TILL they send you.
"STAY where you are.
"I'M coming over.
"ON THE next ship.
"AND believe me.
"WHEN I tell you.
"THAT OVER here.
"YOU'RE flirting with death.
"ALL THE time.
"AND captain.
"SAVE ME a place.
"IN A good trench.
"WHERE I can rest.
"I'M GOING to need it."



At that moment they beheld the head wailer approaching with something young, blond, fluffy and furry in his wake

Oh, Wisdom!

by BRUNO LESSING

FOR our text to-day let us take Proverbs, IV., 7: "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding."

Oh, my brethren, what a wonderful world we would live in if the human race, for three thousand years, had given heed to these words! And what a happy man would Aaron Katz be if he had taken them to his heart. Listen now to a tale which is its own moral.

Aaron Katz at the age of forty-five was the owner of the Medusa Moving Picture Theater on Delancey Street. His staff consisted of Lapinsky, who operated the machine, and Moey, the general utility boy, who carried the films whenever they could find him. Ex-officio, there was also Mrs. Aaron Katz who, as Katz frequently complained, was always "butting in." Of course there was a doorkeeper and a ticket seller, but they have nothing to do with this narrative.

The first thing that happened was that Katz, standing in the doorway, smoking a cigar and holding his thumbs firmly under his armpits observed Lapinsky, his operator, taking three young women into the theater without going through the ceremony of buying and depositing tickets for them. He followed them inside and, in the hearing of the young women, asked Lapinsky in a soft voice,

"Did you bought tickets for them women?"

"I should say not," replied Lapinsky, stoutly. "They're friends of mine."

"You don't say!" said Katz. "And maybe friends of yours is paying my rent and light bills. Take 'em out." The young women were embarrassed. Lapinsky stood for a moment glaring

at his employer. Then he went out, bought three tickets and dropped them into the box. The incident passed completely out of Katz's mind, while Lapinsky remembered it.

Therein, oh, my brethren, lies the beginning of wisdom: When you play a mean trick upon another do not forget it. As long as your victim remembers it, remember it yourself, unless you have eyes in the back of your head!

The next thing that happened was the "Super-Thrilling Five-Reeler, 'Dora's Doom,' Featuring That Peerless Queen of the Silent Drama, Ottie Blue!" Katz, himself, enjoyed it more than he had ever enjoyed a moving picture before. When the afternoon audience had gone Katz called out to Lapinsky,

"Run off that second Dora reel again." Lapinsky, grumbling, started the machine while Katz, after lighting a cigar and tucking his thumbs under his arms, seated himself in the center of the room.

Now, as a matter of solemn fact, all the wisdom of the world, accumulated for countless centuries, could not have helped a man against Ottie Blue. It never has. It never will. It simply can't. One of the many reasons for this painful state of affairs is that Ottie Blues were created for no other purpose than to defy the world's wisdom. Mark Antony could have told you all about it. So could Samson. You have but to gaze upon one of these fluffy, golden-haired, red-lipped, little packages of femininity and all "the grandeur that was Rome and the glory that was Greece," and philosophy and art and literature, the Magna Charta and the Woolworth Building fade into insignificance. So what chance had Aaron Katz?

Toward the middle of the reel there came a

boudoir scene in which Ottie Blue loosened her hair and allowed it to fall in a huge wave over her shoulders. Then she threw herself into an armchair, where with her hands clasped behind her head, she revealed the full grace and beauty of her contour.

"Hold it!" cried Katz. Lapinsky promptly stopped the machine and, after gazing at the still picture that glowed upon the screen, he stared in bewilderment at the back of his employer's head.

"Enough?" he asked, a moment later.

"You just hold it until I tell you to go ahead," said Katz. And then, slowly, a smile of understanding crept into Lapinsky's face. After a few minutes he lit a cigarette and went down to join his employer.

"She's a peach!" he said.

"Ain't she?" exclaimed Katz. "I never seen a shape like that."

"I know her well," said Lapinsky, quietly. "She's even better-looking off the screen." Katz gazed at him incredulously.

"You know her?" he asked. "How did you you ever get a chance to talk to her?"

"I know all them movie girls," said Lapinsky, airily. "I used to work in a studio. Maybe you don't know it, but I'm a regular ladies' man. If you ever want to meet Ottie I can fix it."

"Not on your life," said Katz, sighing deeply. There, again, you have the beginning of wisdom, oh, my brethren. But, alas, we're always stumbling upon the beginning of wisdom. The trouble always is that we get no further.

"What kind of a girl is she?" asked Katz, a moment later. "Is she smart?"

"She's the loveliest, jolliest girl you ever laid eyes on. Maybe, if you like, we get up a supper

party some night and you can meet her." Katz heaved a profound sigh.

"There ain't nothing doing!" he said.

After the evening performance Katz asked Lapinsky to run the reel for his personal edification again, and at the boudoir scene, told him to hold it. This time Lapinsky did not take the trouble to come down from the gallery. He talked to Katz across the intervening space.

"She's certainly swell, ain't she?" he said. Katz nodded.

"Is her eyes brown or blue?" asked Katz.

"Her eyes? They're blue," replied Lapinsky, glibly. "Just like her name. She always dresses in blue, too." The outside of the theater having been painted a vivid, light blue, Lapinsky opined that it was his employer's favorite color.

"Ain't she married?" asked Katz.

"No," said Lapinsky. "She don't care much for the boys. She said if she ever got married it would got to be a reliable business man. I bet you'd make a hit with her."

Several times that night Mrs. Katz asked her husband what ailed him.

"You keep on shaking your head and you got a far-off look in your face. Are you sick?" asked Mrs. Katz. To save his life Katz could not have told exactly what was the matter with him. He only knew that he was not happy. Now it was at this point, Oh, my brethren! that he had need of wisdom and should have had understanding. But, on the other hand, had he possessed wisdom and understanding they would probably have deserted him at this crisis. So that, when you come to think of it, of what use would they have been to him? The problem, as you see, has various angles.

Lapinsky dropped in at the theater unexpectedly the following morning and found that Katz had put on the second reel of "Dora's Doom," himself, and was gazing upon the boudoir scene in fascination. Moey, the general utility boy, was watching him with a broad grin. Several times during the day Katz asked questions regarding Ot-tie Blue, and Lapinsky's answer was ever ready.

"How much do them sup-pers cost?" asked Katz, suddenly. "Not too fancy, you know. But just the right kind that them girls like."

Lapinsky scratched his head. "That depends," he replied. "You couldn't ask her to come alone because she's a respectable girl what's good to her mother. You'd have to get up a party of maybe four or five. If you leave it to me I'll fix the whole thing. Just you and me and four or five pippins."

"But how much? That's the main point," demanded Katz.

"I'll fix it so's it won't cost over thirty dollars for the eats," said Lapinsky. "I got a friend who's head waiter. Is it a go?"

What little wisdom Katz possessed made one last,

feeble struggle to assert itself. He shook his head.

"If my wife found it out she'd kill me," he said.

"If the Rabbi ever heard of it he'd tell the whole neighborhood and I'd be lost. No. I couldn't do it."

Lapinsky grinned. He also waited. He waited about ten minutes. And then Katz came around again.

"How could I do it?" he asked. "What would I tell my wife? How late do them parties last?"

"You could tell your wife you was going up to Yonkers to look at some films," suggested Lapinsky. "Even if you didn't get home until 2 A.M. you could say the trolleys was slow."

Half an hour later Moey came down-stairs and told Katz that Lapinsky wanted him to come up to the private office. There Katz found his operator gazing proudly at half a dozen letters that he had written.

"What I done for you, Mr. Katz," he said, "I wouldn't do for my own mother. Here's a letter to Miss Blue and another to Miss Kitty Graham, Miss Ida Haze, and other letters, all to peaches. You just sign them and they'll all be at the party. I fixed it for to-morrow night after the the-yater." Katz gazed dubiously at the letters.

"Why do I got to sign them? Couldn't you tell them to come?" he asked. Lapinsky gazed at him, pityingly.

"That shows what you know about moving-

picture parties," he said. "The girls would be sore if you didn't invite 'em personal. They all do it that way."

With much trepidation Katz signed the letters.

"What do I do now?" he asked.

"All you got to do is to sneak your swallow-tailer into a bag, tell your wife about Yonkers and be at the hotel at 11 o'clock to-morrow night. I fix all the rest."

Katz sighed—it was his first step upon the primrose path—and he had a sense of misgiving. But it quickly passed away. He told Lapinsky to run off the second reel of "Dora's Doom" again and he sat wrapt in admiration of the charms of The Peerless Queen of the Silent Drama. To-morrow night he would meet her! The last vestige of wisdom oozed out of his being and evaporated into thin air. Katz felt a thrill of excitement.

When he left his house at noon the following day he told his wife that he was going to Yonkers on important business and was taking his dress suit along in case he might be invited to dine with one of the moving picture magnates. The explanation seemed perfectly plausible to Mrs. Katz and it never occurred to her to question it. At seven o'clock Lapinsky called upon her.

"Mrs. Katz," he said, smiling, "I got a great treat for you. Mr. Katz just telephoned from Yonkers and says he wants you to have supper with him in a hotel to-night after the the-yater."

"Is he crazy?" asked Mrs. Katz. "Why should I eat a supper after the the-yater when I ain't going to a the-yater?"

Lapinsky extended the palms of his hands in deprecation.

"How should I know? I just got to do what he tells me. But I bet it's going to be a big surprise. You just go to the hotel about half-past ten and ask for Otto the head-waiter. He got all the plans."

"How do I get up there? Do I need a escort?"

"You get on a Broadway car," explained Lapinsky, distinctly, "and tell the conductor where you want to get off."

It was about ten minutes later when the Rabbi Schulman's door-bell rang and his servant ushered Lapinsky into the library.

"Rabbi," said the moving-picture operator, respectfully, "I come from Mr. Katz what owns the Medusa Moving Picture The-yater on Delancey Street. He sends me by you for a favor."

"Yes, I know him," said the Rabbi. "What does he want?"

"He asks you particular to come to supper by him in a private room in a swell hotel up-town after the the-yater. Mrs. Katz is going to be there and he says he got an important announcement to make." The Rabbi frowned.

"I don't go out so late at night," he said.

"That's just what Mr. Katz said," lied the glib Lapinsky. "And I betcha that's (Continued on page 33)



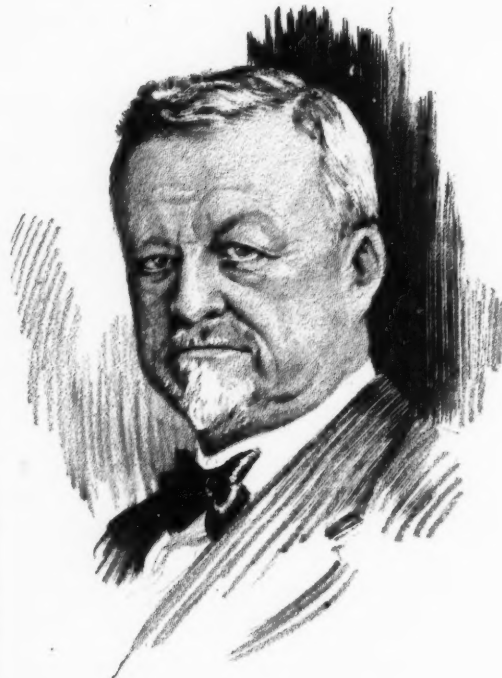
"I know her well," said Lapinsky. "She's even better-looking off the screen"

What is a "Prominent Clubman?"



Mr. Frank Knight Sturgis is President of the Metropolitan Club, commonly alluded to as the "Millionaires' Club," and is a member of some eight or ten other smart clubs. He is a banker, and was at one time President of the New York Stock Exchange.

BREATHES there a man who deep down in his consciousness hasn't cherished the hope that *some* day—even if he has to await the moment in the shape of an obituary notice—he might be spoken of as a "Prominent Clubman?" But what is a "Prominent Clubman?" To most folks he is as vague as O. Henry's celebrated "Man About Town," yet PUCK has snared five really prominent New York clubmen, and presents their portraits in the hope that the veil of mystery may be partially lifted.



Mr. Frank R. Lawrence, besides being President of the Lotos Club, is one of the most brilliant toastmasters in all clubdom. Few club presidents in America have followed "We have with us tonight" with the names of so many famous men as has fallen to the lot of Mr. Lawrence.



Mr. Robert P. Perkins is President of The Brook, that organization of *bon vivants*, whose house is so named because it runs on forever, the front-door key having been cast into utter darkness the day the club was first opened to receive its members.



Mr. Samuel Owen Edmonds presides over the destinies of the Calumet Club, an organization justly as proud of its reputation for good fellowship as it is of the very excellent cuisine for which the club is famed.



Mr. Thomas Thacher is the leading spirit of that stately Fifth Avenue pile known as the University Club, membership in which demands not only a University training but a rare quality of patience—for the waiting list is a long one.



A head-dress from "Chu Chin Chow"



Photo by White



There is a sort of barbaric splendor to "Chu Chin Chow," the effect of which is in no sense lessened by the appearance of a wicked-looking dagger in Miss Florence Reed's girdle.

On With the Dance!

A shrewd visitor to "Hero Land" was overheard to observe that of all the thrills provided by that gorgeous spectacle, the British "tank" came first and the dancing of Miss Helen Lyons next. Miss Lyons is laughing at you, just to the left.



Photo by Abbe



Photos by Campbell Studio



Sisterly Allies

Minnie—The Wood Sisters—Martha

*Count them, ladies and gentlemen;
two of the most versatile young
artists on our musical comedy stage.*



Miss Elizabeth Morton



Miss Gladys Coburn

Photos by Johnston

An enterprising statistician has discovered that there are three hundred and forty-two reasons — principally feminine — for the popularity of musical comedy. We take pleasure in bringing two of these reasons to the attention of our readers.

Phoebe Foster Hits "The Gypsy Trail"

with ALAN DALE



"Perhaps she was saying to herself, 'Well, I don't think much of him!'"

Oh, I know them so well—those arch and ingenious girls.

On my way to the Plymouth Theater, after having arranged to meet little Phoebe in her dressing room—by the bye, the most *un-intimate* way imaginable—I could have written my chat without ever seeing her, or at least I thought so. I felt sure that she was a yes-and-no young woman, relying exclusively upon my leads, and sitting pensively mute, whilst I thought up impertinent questions. I could picture her with downcast eyes, perhaps even telling me that I frightened her, and that she hadn't slept at all because she was so afraid of this chat. Girls often tell me that. It is supposed to be extremely flattering, but I consider it most uncomplimentary. It is so disconcerting to be regarded as an ogre.

At the close of the first act of "The Gypsy Trail," Miss Phoebe Foster had thirty minutes before the action of the play called her, and as she was quite dressed—oh, quite!—she agreed to devote those thirty minutes to me. Her dressing room was at the very top of the theater, and there was no elevator. I sincerely hope that only very young stars will play the Plymouth. Running up and down stairs is very healthy for very young actresses like Phoebe Foster, but it would be awful for stars like—well, never mind.

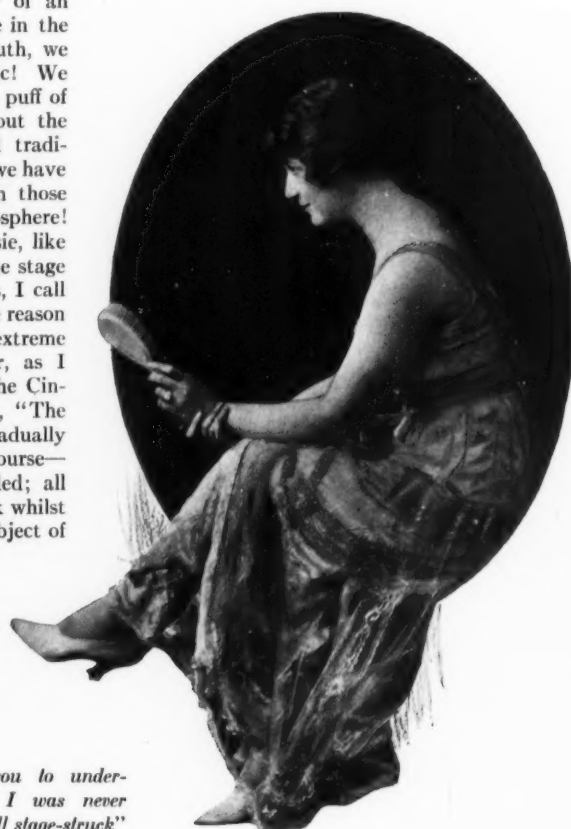
She was sitting at her make-up table as I entered, and really, although I had thought her very pretty on the stage, I made up my mind that she was ten times prettier at close view. As I saw her at that moment, Phoebe Foster was quite the sweetest thing I had viewed in many a day. Her large, clear eyes, her perfectly chiselled features, her coloring (plus make-up, which helps of course, a great deal) and her charming hair, drove me to momentary silence. She looked younger than young, if you know what I mean. It seemed a pity to break the silence, and burst into platitudes.

ISN'T it odd that whenever we hear of an awfully pretty girl going on the stage in the very first flush of her picturesque youth, we sigh? And the sigh is perfectly automatic! We have nothing to offer as an excuse for this puff of pessimism, but our old-fangled ideas about the theater, and its well—or ill—established traditions. We register that sigh, and feel that we have done our duty. That sweet little girl in those tawdry surroundings, breathing *that* atmosphere!

The mere thought of a lovely little lassie, like Phoebe Foster, identifying herself with the stage calls forth one of those idiotic sighs. (Yes, I call them idiotic.) I had never met her, for the reason that she *is* so young and so recent, and extreme youth is rather embarrassing. However, as I had admired her work so ardently in "The Cinderella Man" and also in the later play, "The Gypsy Trail," the idea of a "chat" gradually grew upon me. She would tell me—of course—all about her hardships before she landed; all about her hateful experiences in New York whilst seeking her work; a dash or two on the subject of the stage's temptations (and I cannot help thinking that the stage is dreadfully proud and a bit jealous of its well-advertised temptations!) and all sorts of quaint legends anent parental opposition to a theatrical career.



"Actresses used to be selected on account of their experience. To day it is youth that is demanded"



"I want you to understand that I was never what you call stage-struck"



I admit that I was a bit embarrassed—it was so foolish for a callous one like yours truly to be so dumb—but Miss Foster was not at all disturbed. Miss Foster simply looked at me. Perhaps she was saying to herself: "Well, I don't think much of *him*."

"I've always wanted to chat with you," I said at last—and a sillier remark could scarcely have been perpetrated. It was also a lie. I hadn't. She really had only just happened, as it were.

"You encouraged me so much in 'The Cinderella Man!'" she said quite simply. "I remember that you wrote a letter speaking of my work, and they showed it to me. At that time, I was quite despondent, and had about made up my mind to leave the stage."

Now, thought I, for the usual hard-luck story—perhaps the temptations! "I had just discovered," she went on, "that I was really awfully young, and that I knew nothing at all. I was ignorant of technique; I had no tricks; I lacked experience, and—I was at a loss!"

I wondered if this was a pose. If it was, it was rather good, and new. A moment later, I was sure that it was no pose.

"Actresses used to be selected for rôles, on account of their experience," she said. "They had served their apprenticeship, and had made good. It was easy for them after that. Today, however, it is youth that is demanded. That is very nice indeed, because we all have youth at some time or other—it is our heritage—but it makes it extremely difficult for us when we are asked to asked to play parts that call for experience, and play those parts with actors who have that experience. So in 'The Cinderella Man' I felt very hopeless. It seemed to me that I was incompetent. I always appeared to do the wrong thing, and I wanted to quit the stage."

"You must have had some experience," I suggested.

"Not much," she retorted. "I began with a stock engagement in Pittsfield, and played there for eight weeks. I got that engagement through an agent."

Now for a harrowing story, thought I, and I prepared to listen to

certain experiences that I almost knew by heart. "Of course you traipsed all over New York for months, wearing out all your pretty shoe leather, and living on crusts, before this agent discovered you," I remarked sympathetically. (That is where I always turn on the sympathy.)

"Oh, no," she said placidly. "I was a pupil of a school of acting and the agent engaged me from the school. There was no trouble at all. It was quite easy."

In spite of myself, I did feel a bit disappointed. I am very sorry to admit it, but I did.

"Oh, yes," she continued. "I took a long course in acting, and it was most useful. You acquire certain things at the school, and then you find out how many more things there are to acquire after the school. I went to Pittsfield gladly, and quite enjoyed my stay there. I got thirty dollars a week, and saved money, because in Pittsfield I couldn't spend it."

"Then you never suffered at all?" I asked a trifle bitterly. Oh, I couldn't interest myself if she didn't suffer just a teeny-weeny bit.

"Suffer?" she echoed. "No. After Pittsfield, I played in 'Under Cover' and in 'Back Home,' and then—'The Cinderella Man.'"

"You haven't told me yet why you went on the stage?"

"I had to do something," said little Miss Foster,

naively, and not realizing that she was funny. "I had no training for anything at all. I thought I might be able to act. I want you to understand that I was never what you call stage-struck. I was never one of those ridiculous girls who hanker for the footlights. Oh, I liked the theater, and I felt sure that the work would appeal to me, but I undertook the work, because it was necessary. That is all."

"And of course your parents were horribly opposed?" I asked, clutching at the last of the gaunt traditions. Parents must be opposed! It is their stern and relentless duty.

"Not at all," replied Miss Foster with a bland smile. "No member of my family had ever been on the stage. Not a single relative knew anything about the theater. So there was no question of my having any theatrical inheritance. There was no opposition at all."

That was a blow. I love it when father says: "Henceforth you are no daughter of mine." It is usual, but I like it.

"I should have thought," I ventured diffidently, for my thought was rather impertinent, "that you would have selected musical comedy, with—er—your looks."

Phoebe Foster smiled indulgently. "Oh, I can't sing at all," she said.

"Then you would be just right for musical comedy," I insisted; "so there, now."

I imagined that I had said something funny, and that she would laugh, and encourage me. Not at all. I dare say that such a silly joke should be discouraged, and I got my deserts. Miss Foster was quite serious, as such an extremely pretty girl usually is. I felt positive that she cherished a secret ambition for emotional rôles, and that she doted on the "sob stuff." Then I realized that it was my duty to learn her views. So I gently asked her if she was not fearfully anxious for some gorgeous emotional rôle in which she could weep real tears, and buckets-full of them. She seemed awfully surprised.

"No," she said, "my greatest ambition in life is to make people laugh. It is really. And everybody tells me that I am (Continued on page 33)

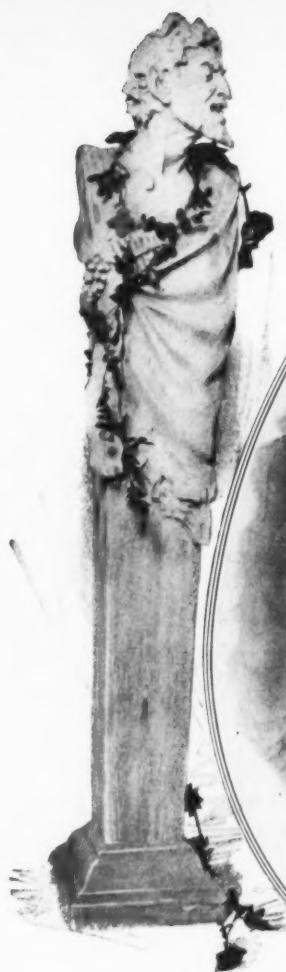


"She was sitting at her make-up table as I entered, and I made up my mind that she was ten times prettier at close view"

Catch!

*No, Mr. Hoover, this
is not a waste of food
—for the peach that
Miss Muriel Martin
is about to throw will
be caught — as all
peaches should be!*





Ah,
Heartless Columbine!

Miss Fania Marinoff

Rapiers clash in swift exchange of thrust and parry over the beauty of fair Columbine, in "Behind a Watteau Picture," at the Greenwich Village Theatre.



Pals

by
Raemaekers





Pegasus Wins, Ananias Up!



The Dramatist

I'VE put one over at last!

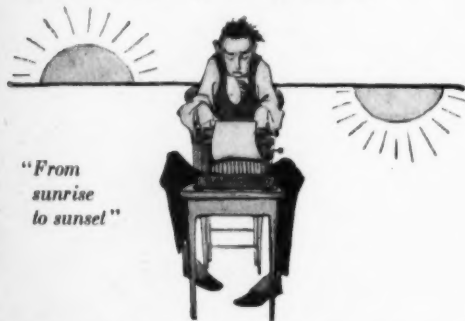
My play with the surprise finish is a bear.
Al Woods wants to read all of my scripts;
Georgie Cohan speaks to me as an equal
And the office boy swings the gate without being asked.

I don't care if the manager's name is as large as the play's

Or if the critics are featured all over the ash cans.
I'm going to get mine and I'm going to live.
A Rolls-Royce for me and trips "up the road,"
Long Beach and pretty girls, big eats at the Ritz
And the ice pitcher for the fellows who snubbed me.
How the other reporters laughed
When I showed my first script and started to peddle—

"Stick to the steady job," they advised.
"Play writing is too big a gamble;
It will never keep your nose in the feed bag."
I wrote a trunkful of junk; did a play succeed.
I immediately copied the fashion;
Like a pilfering tailor I stole the new models.
King David Belasco, with his face in the gloom,
And mine brightly lighted, said ministerially:
"Rather crude yet, my boy, but the way to write a play

Is to write plays from sunrise to sunset
And rewrite them long after midnight.
Try, try, my boy, and God bless you."



"From sunrise to sunset"

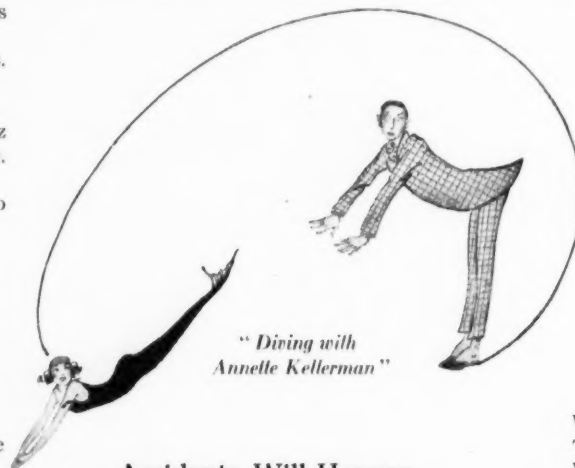
Broke and disgusted, I became a play reader
And the "yessir man" to a manager.
I was a play doctor, too.
A few of my patients lived
And I learned about drama from them,
How we gutted the scripts!
Grabbing a wonderful line, a peach of a scene,
A gem of a finish
Out of the rubbish that struggling poor devils
Borrowed money to typewrite and mail to us,
It's like opening oysters looking for pearls,
But pearls are to be found, and out of the shell,
heaps
Come jewels that, polished and set by a clever
artificer,
Are a season's theatrical wonder.
Finally came my own big idea.

FOUR of Broadway's most case-hardened press-agents have broken into verse! Their united effort has just come from the press, in the shape of a volume entitled "The Broadway Anthology," and the culprits, who have confessed their guilt, are EDWARD L. BERNAYS, SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN, WALTER J. KINGSLEY and MURDOCK PEMBERTON. Gentle Reader, this is what happens to the poetic muse when she consorts with the disciples of Munchausen.

I wrote and rewrote and cast and recast,
Convinced the manager, got a production.
Here am I young and successful,
And Walter and Thomas and Selwyn have nothing on me.

Press agents are hired to praise me,
I hand out loans to the boys on Park Row.
Watch for my next big sensation,
But meanwhile I hope that that play-writing plumber,
Who had an idea and nothing else,
Never sees this one.

—Walter Kingsley.



"Diving with Annette Kellerman"

Accidents Will Happen

HE was a burly Dutch tenor,
And I patiently trailed him in his waking and sleeping hours
That I might not lose a story,—
But his life was commonplace and unimaginative—
Air raids and abdications kept his activities,
(A game of bridge yesterday, a ride to Tarrytown),
Out of the papers.
I watchfully waited,
Yearning a coup that would place him on the Musical map.
A coup, such as kissing a Marshall Joffre,
Aeroplaneing over the bay,
Diving with Annette Kellerman.
Then for three days I quit the city
To get a simple contralto into the Western papers.
Returning I entered my office; the phone jangled.
The burly tenor was tearfully sobbing and moaning over the wire;



Tremor and emotion choked his throat.
This was his ominous message:
A taxicab accident almost had killed him two and one half days ago;
He had escaped with his body and orchid-lined voice—
And not a line in the morning's or evening's!
What could I do about it?

Accidents will happen.

—Edward L. Bernays.

Pre-Eminence

I ONCE knew a man
Who'd met Duse,
(Or so he said)
And talked with her;
As she came down a windy street
He turned a corner
Headlong into her.
"I am so sorry," Duse said,
"I was looking at the stars."

My envy of that man
Withstood the years
Until one day I met a Dane
Who'd talked with Henrik Ibsen:
This man, with head bowed to the wind,
Was walking up a Stockholm way
When 'round the corner came the seer,
And he plumped into him.
And that great mind
Whose thinking moved the world
Surveyed my friend
Through his big eyes
And slowly spoke:
"Since when have codfish come to land?"

With all the awe
One has for those who've known the great,
These two I've envied
Until the other day
When blundering 'round behind the scenes
I stepped upon Pavlova's toe.

—Murdock Pemberton.

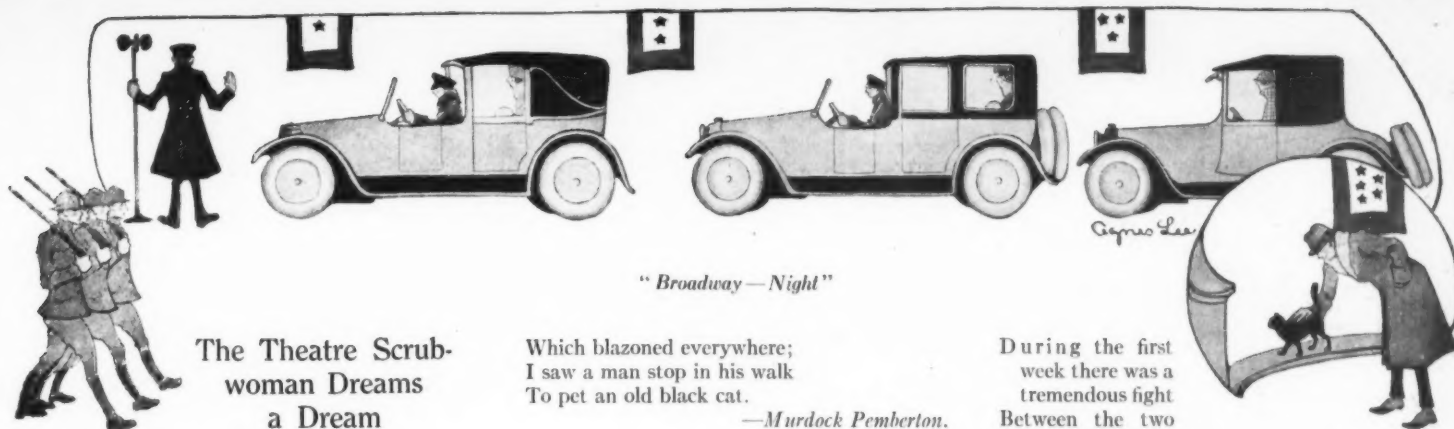
In the Theatre

WEEP not, fair lady, for the false,
The fickle love's remembrance,
What though another claim the waltz—
The curtain soon will close the dance.

Grieve not, pale lover, for the sweet,
Wild moment of thy vanished bliss;
The longest scene as Time is fleet—
The curtain soon will close the kiss.

And thou, too vain, too flattered mime,
Drink deep the pleasures of thy day,
No ruin is too mean for Time—
The curtain soon will close the play.

Samuel Hoffenstein.



"Broadway—Night"

The Theatre Scrub-woman Dreams a Dream

WHEN morning mingles with the gloom
On empty stage and twilit aisle,
She comes with rag and pan and broom
To work—and dream awhile.

Illusion's laughter, fancy's tears,
The mimic loves of yesternight,
On empty stages of the years
Awake in the dim light.

She cannot sweep the phantoms out—
How sweet the sobbing violin!—
She cannot put the ghosts to rout—
How pale the heroine!



Oh! valiant hero, sorely tried!—
'Tis only dust that fills her eyes—
But he shall have his lovely bride
And she her paradise!

And she—the broom falls from her hands,
And is it dust that fills her eyes?—
Shall go with him to golden lands
And find her paradise!—

The morning wrestles with the gloom
On silent stage and chilly aisle,
She takes her rag and pan and broom
To work—and dream awhile!

Broadway—Night

I SAW the rich in motor cars
Held in long lines
Until cross-streams of cars flowed by;
I saw young boys in service clothes
And flags flung out from tradesmen's doors;
I saw some thousand drifting men
Some thousand aimless women;
I saw some thousand wearied eyes
That caught no sparkle from the myriad lights

Which blazoned everywhere;
I saw a man stop in his walk
To pet an old black cat.

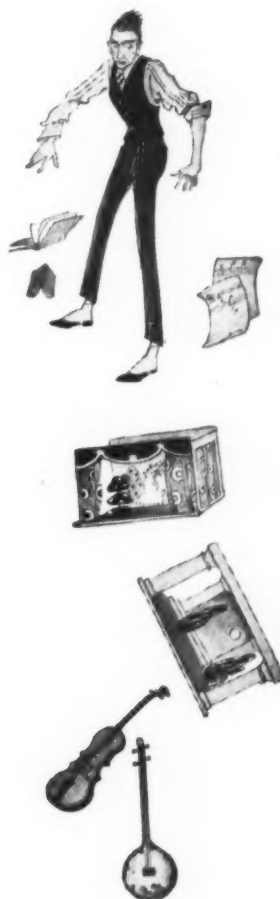
—Murdock Pemberton.

The Distribution of Credit

THE Irish prize play had come back to Broadway.

Where to put the credit? On the astute manager
Who saw in it
A year of Broadway, two of stock, eternity in the
movies;

Or the League of Public Spirited Women



Banded together to uplift the Drama—
That was the question stirring dramatic circles
and the public.
It had failed in its first run of three weeks at an
uptown theatre
Miserably,
Despite glowing reviews in all the dailies.
But this come-back
At a Broadway theatre, with electric lights, and
transient crowds
That would save it—
Was the universal verdict.

During the first
week there was a
tremendous fight
Between the two
factions for the
Distribution of credit, and some critics said
The League of Public Spirited Women was respon-
sible
For bringing the play back, because they had
bulletined it,
And others said it was the astute manager.
But no audience came to the play after the second
week.
And it went to the storehouse.
No one fought any longer for
The distribution of credit.

—Edward L. Bernays.

The Strange Case of the Musical Comedy Star

THE lady cannot sing a note,
There is a languor in her throat
Beyond all healing,
She does not act at all, it seems,
Except in early morning dreams—
She lacks the feeling.

Her feet are pretty, but methinks,
The weighty and phlegmatic Sphinx
Could trip as lightly—
And yet she is a regular,
Serene and well established star
Who twinkles nightly.

And Solomon for all his stir,
Had not a single jewel on her,
Nor did his capers
Procure him even half the space
For publication of his face
In ancient papers.

Her gowns, her furs, her limousines
Would catch the eye of stately queens
In any city—
She cannot sing, or dance, or act,
But then I have remarked the fact—
Her feet are pretty.

—Samuel Hoffenstein.



Not On the Program

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Art of Acting



HOW, for example, the emotion known as indignation is expressed by five typical actors of the contemporaneous American stage

Mr. John Mason

This gentleman, to express indignation, lets his cheeks gradually expand, holds them in the position a moment, draws his lips in a tight line, and then makes a face as if he had swallowed a tooth-brush bristle.



Mr. Robert Edeson

This gentleman, to express indignation, jams both hands in the pockets of his coat, takes three quick steps towards the person who has provoked him, and coming face to face with the latter, defiantly throws out his Little Mary.

Mr. Russ Whytal

This gentleman, to express indignation, grabs the nearest table, sets his teeth, and fixes his eyes with a man-eating stare on the critic of the Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Mr. Lou Tellegen

This gentleman, to express indignation, steps nose to nose with his provoker, takes a long deep breath, holds it, raises both fists high in the air, stamps loudly on the floor with the left foot and then suddenly with one mighty devastating blow, discharges the full capacity of both lungs in the vexatious party's face.

Mr. Howard Kyle

This gentleman, to express indignation, sounds reveille with the hic-coughs, at the same time tapping out the Morse code on his gold watch-fob with his right hand.



The Conversational Ash-Can

"Nobody of any real culture, for instance, ever talks nowadays about the beauty of the sunset. Sunsets are quite old-fashioned. . . . To admire them is a distinct sign of provincialism."—Oscar Wilde in "Intentions," 1890, A.D.

OTHER old favorites that, since 1890, have come to be strictly barred from cultured conversation.

1. The difference between immoral and unmoral.
2. Niagara Falls.
3. The sincerity of Bernard Shaw.
4. For our children's sake!
5. The height of skyscrapers.
6. Every fibre of my being.
7. German mustard.
8. Modesty in sex discussions.
9. The Manhattan cocktail.
10. May I kiss you?
11. Fine for the lilies.
12. The wind in the pines.
13. Woodland pools.
14. Bicycles.
15. A thick steak with French fried potatoes.
16. A "lithe" figure.
17. Chauncey Depew's last one.
18. The Gibson girl.
19. All rights, including the Scandinavian.
20. Cologne water.
21. The human look in a dog's eyes.
22. Lillian Russell doesn't look a day older today than she did in 1885.
23. What I'd like to have is a big open fire-place.
24. Psychology.
25. A broken heart.
26. Cholera Marbles.
27. Hair like spun gold.
- 27a. Hair like burnished copper.
28. Maxine Elliott's cold beauty.
29. This (new brand of electric illumination) makes it seem as light as day.
30. Persiflage on the debonnaire sticking-out of the little finger while drinking tea, coffee, etc.
31. Turn up your trousers, it's raining in London.
32. Old Point Comfort.
33. Night-shirts.
34. Pullman Palace Car.
35. One goes to the theatre to be amused.
36. It's an awful night for a fire.
37. How lonely it must be living in a little farmhouse like that.
38. Garçon.
39. I've tried them all, but there's nothing that'll keep it from falling out once it starts.
40. Rubber shoes.

Boomerang

There was a critic—a sincere and art-loving man—who flouted the mob's taste, who inveighed against the popular, who protested vigorously against the low, mean art form that in dramatic shape packed nightly the playhouses of the great city with the unesthetic, artistically depraved and vulgar bourgeoisie. That things should come to so unholy a pass! he sighed.

The critic never stopped to consider that the gazette which he graced had in the great city a daily circulation of almost half a million.

Man is most interesting when he is victorious; woman, when she is defeated.

The Actor

A POET, poor and neglected, lived up under the dusty caves, with for sole companion a parrot. One day, the poet evolved a particularly lovely line and, in his happiness, repeated it to himself aloud, and time upon time.

A week later, some portly persons, passing beneath the lofty window, espied the parrot perched upon the sill and heard it speak the poet's line. Breathless with amazement, they stopped and cried out: "What a wonderful bird!"

STATESMAN: One who thinks twice before he speaks.

POLITICIAN: One who speaks twice before he thinks.

The Eternal Feminine

As the blonde young woman stepped from the swimming pool of the Turkish Bath, the attendant thought that never had she seen so fair and golden and beautiful a creature. Unable to contain her admiration, she spoke her thought. The beautiful blonde thanked her and said, "But you should have seen me at the Mi-Careme Ball as an African slave girl!"

The Future

Time snatched the roses from the girdle of a man's Past and tore her gown of silvered chiffon and brought her thus before him.

"And who is this, pray?" bade the man.

"This," replies Time, "is your Future."

Sic Transit

"Everyone likes me," said the man. "That is Popularity," whispered the little star.

"Everyone likes me and envies me," said the man, a year later.

"That is Fame," whispered the little star.

"Everyone despises me," said the man, a year later still.

"That is Time," whispered the little star.



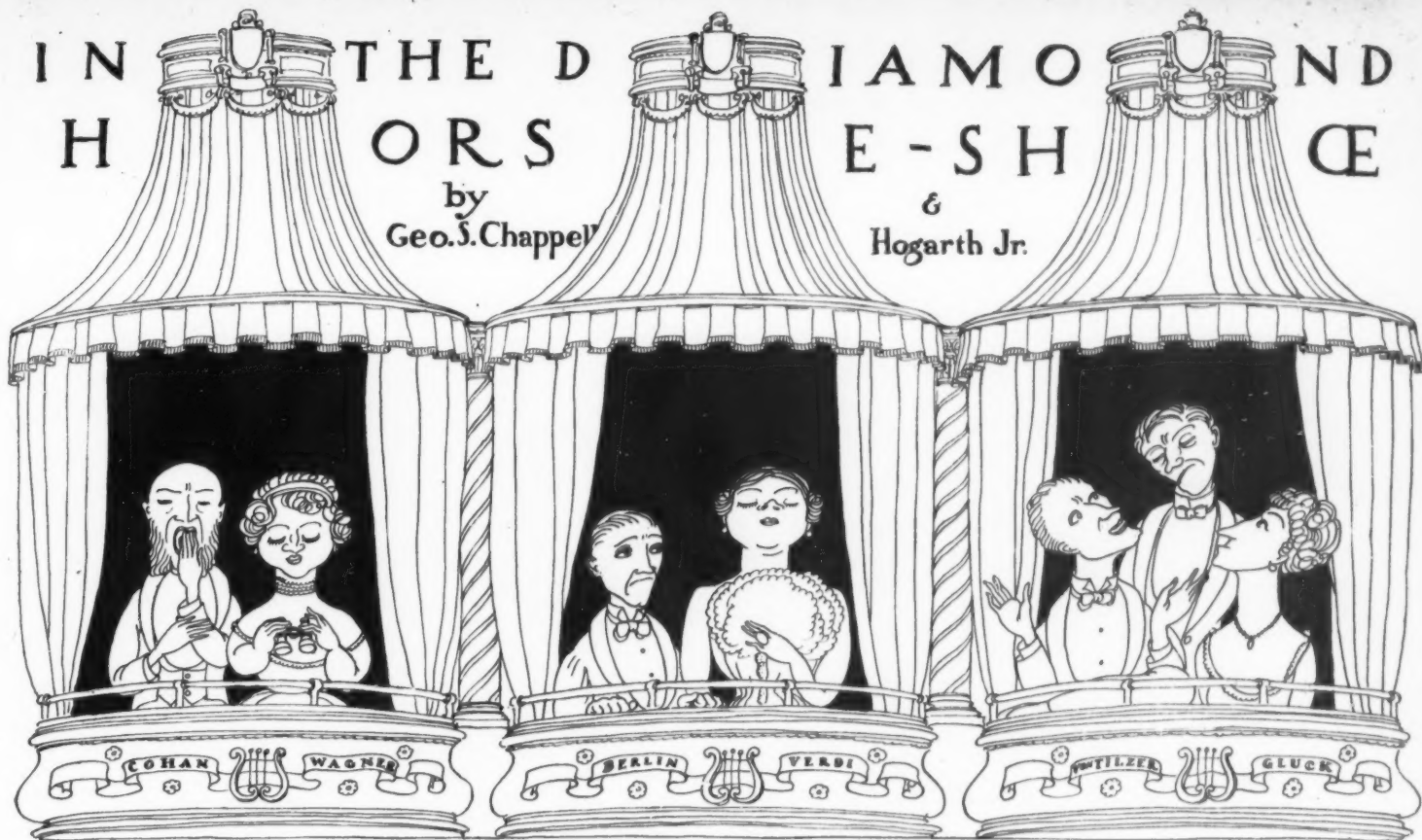
"What a wonderful bird!"



IN THE DIAMOND HORSE-SHOE

by
Geo. S. Chappell

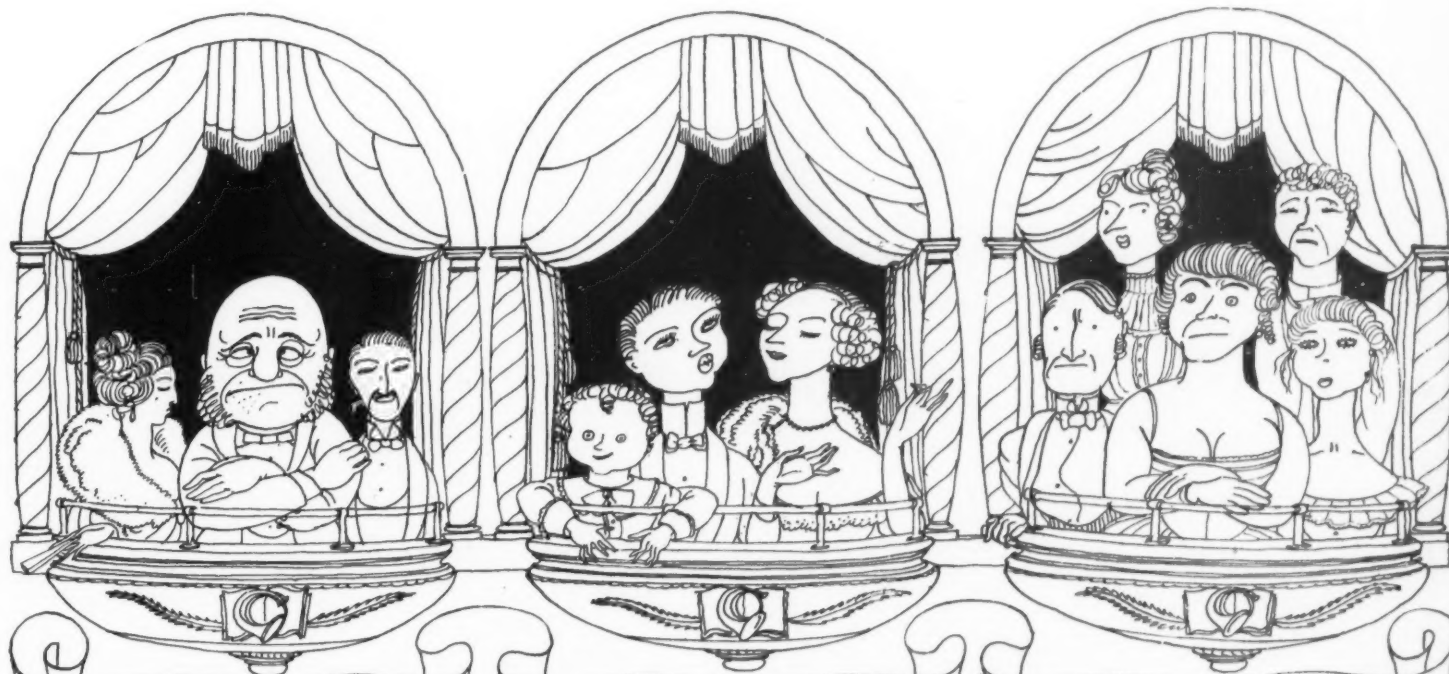
&
Hogarth Jr.



*The Tipton Knowles have coin in rolls;
They often rent Caruso.
Though very bored they will applaud -
At least when others do so.*

*The Clymer-Hills are social pills -
(She was a plumber's daughter).
Still, pills, you know, have boxes, so
They think they really ought 'er.*

*The Chaffield-Jones in strident tones
Discuss the war of nations.
Their box is but a screen to shut
Out other conversations.*



*Josiah Flint the Human Mint
Has twenty thou a minute
He always locks his opera-box
Whenever he's not in it.*

*The Feller-Prufins know all the tunes
And just can't keep from humming.
While little Ben helps Gatti's men,
By doing fancy drumming.*

*Annoyed to find herself aligned
With names not in the peerage
Old Lady Knox now gives her box
To Cook, (and friends) from steerage.*

Odds and Ends

by WALTER DE MARIS



RASTUS (*from Georgia*): "Drap that rizzer!"



"I really like your moustache, Reggie."
"You do? Oh, I say, Gwen, won't you have another sundae?"



"Did I score a bull's-eye, sir?"
"You scored a hit, immediately behind the ear, on Farmer Perkin's old cow."



SAMMY ("*Somewhere in France*"): "Me for the trenches;
it's safer!"

Ballads that Touch the Heart

by WILLIAM F. KIRK

After the Game

THE football game was over and the college boys were gay—
On mischief bent they gaily went to see a vaudeville play.
A fair and thoughtful young soubrette a song of love did sing
And one young undergraduate an egg at her did fling.
It was a thoughtless thing to do. No self-respecting man
Would thus affront a working girl who does the best she can.
That fair young girl stopped singing, the egg she tucked away,
And, stepping to the footlights, she cuttingly did say:

REFRAIN

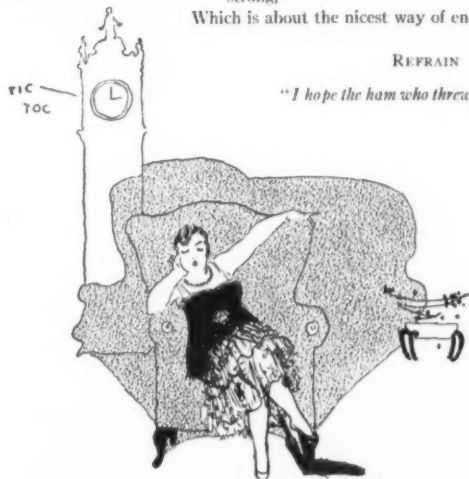
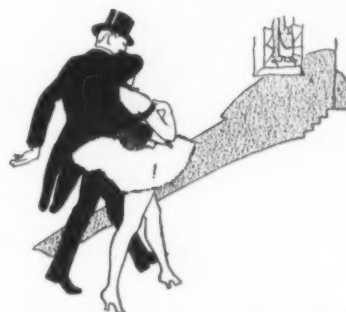
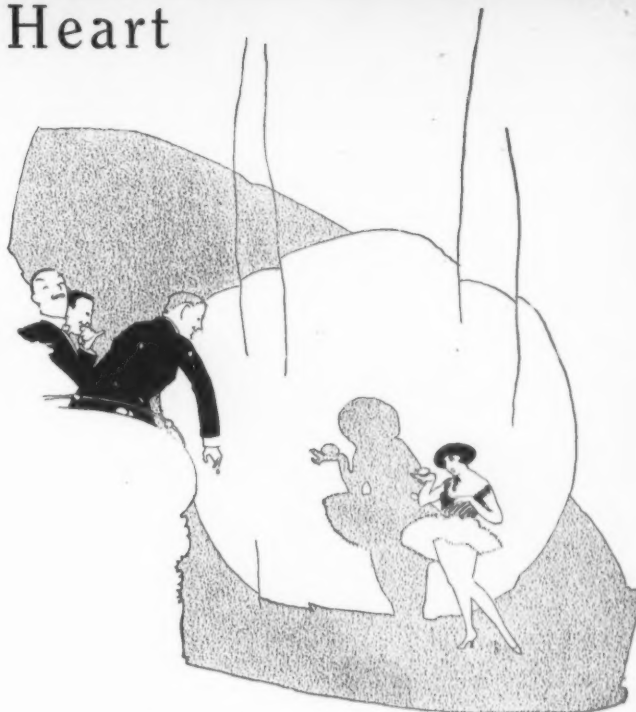
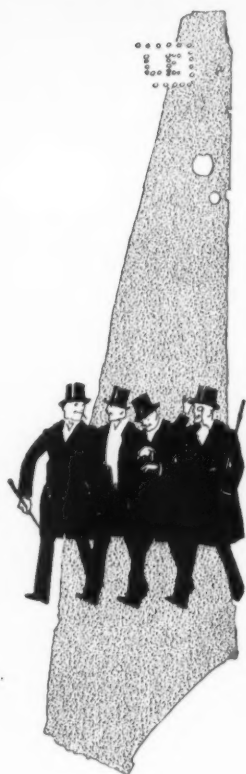
"I hope the ham who threw that egg
Will pause for to reflect
That he may have a sister dear
That no one will protect!
Tonight I'll try that egg to fry
When to my home I go.
I hope the ham that threw that egg
Picks out fresh eggs to throw!"

II.

A HUSH fell o'er the audience and all eyes turned to where
That undergraduate did sit with dressing on his hair.
Then, standing up, he slowly said to that soubrette so bright:
"Forgive me, Miss! I was a cad! I'll marry you tonight!
I never meant to throw that egg. Indeed, Miss, I did not!
We'll have a wedding at a church not far from this here spot!"
And so the two were married and that egg grew old and strong,
Which is about the nicest way of ending up this song.

REFRAIN

"I hope the ham who threw that egg," etc.



My Naughty Hubby Must Not Smoke!

WITHIN a spacious mansion in the town of New Rochelle
A suffragette in silence sat alone.
There was a faithful husband who in that home did dwell,
But he had gone to get an ice cream cone.
At last the door flew open and that husband flew inside;
An ice cream cone he proudly did display.
"The grocer threw in a cigar!" in ecstasy he cried,
And unto him his voting wife did say:

REFRAIN (Con Expressione)

"My naughty hubby must not smoke
And dull his little mind.
He promised he would bear the yoke
And learn to be refined.
'Twas not for naught that Woman broke
Man's cru-el, heartless sway.
My naughty hubby must not smoke—
Now run along and play!"

II.

THAT husband heard them cutting words that cut his joy to bits
And, sobbing, threw the grocer's weed aside.
She knew within her woman's heart she ought to give him fits
For that display of temper and of pride.
A heart bowed down with weight of woe is awful to behold
And this here song is awful in a way,
So we will close with that refrain that unto him she told—
These smokeless words she unto him did say:

REFRAIN

"My naughty hubby must not smoke," etc.





The cannon's roar becomes a bore
No lectures may I miss;
Though battles stir, I still prefer
The thrill of a well placed kiss.

Keep the Home Fires Burning

by GUSTAV MICHELSON



To Belgium's aid I swiftly fly,
And scout from every nook
A lot of lovely things that I
Fear others may overlook.



This stupid news tends to confuse
A modern maiden's mind,
Lovely divorces and murder clues
I never more can find.



I read a book to learn to cook
And—though it's quite *au fait*,
'Twould win the war a good deal more
If I helped some other way.

Each day I get another pet;
And though they're lots of fun,
I can't forget when I had *Him*
I had them all in one!

Mr. Jones Tackles the Tax

by JEROME BEATTY

MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES'S pudgy form was bent over the kitchen table that served as his desk in the tiny room behind the box office of the Superba Theater, Junction City's gaudiest temple of the motion picture art. Mr. Jones pushed a stubby finger along a page in a bulky pamphlet that lay before him and growled querulously, as does a dog that has treed a 'possum which refuses to come down and be caught. Even the entrance of Antoinette Dugan (plain Annie Dugan until she met the French officer out at Camp Funston), whose presence brightened Mr. Jones's dugout like a new Morris chair, purchased with soap wrappers, in Mrs. Carrilo's shanty—even the entrance of Mr. Jones's blonde ticket seller did not divert his attention.

Miss Dugan hung her khaki hat on the peg under the one-sheet that showed Annette Kellermann winning the war by doing without everything but a Sam Browne belt.

"Morning, boss," she offered, shaking out her curls. "Why so studious? Reading the plot of 'The Leaps of Luck,' or trying to figure whether Charley Chaplin really gets a million a year?"

Mr. Jones held a finger on the page and looked up.

"Business, Annie," he reproved her. "Business." He returned to his reading and mumbled bitterly, "—gains, profit and income, d'rived from salaries, wages or comp'sation; perfessions, vocations, businesses, trade, commerce, sales; int'rest, rent, div'dends and secur'ties."

"Sounds like a good show," Antoinette grinned. "Book it."

Mr. Jones hitched his chair around and faced her, holding up the pamphlet.

"Look at this!" he exclaimed angrily. Antoinette took the book, sat down beside him and began to skim through the pages.

"Federal Income Tax and War Revenue Laws," she read.

"I got it off a city fakir on the corner; paid him a dollar for it. He had a good spiel: 'I thank you and you'll thank me. Greatest money maker on this pink, palpatatin' planet!'"

"Which was the greatest money maker, the book or the fakir?" Antoinette inquired.

"He sure didn't mean what I thought he meant," Mr. Jones was forced to admit. "It's the law that's the money maker," he groaned. "And when I gave him a dollar I thought he meant it was me!"

"I see it's going to raise twenty-six hundred million dollars," Antoinette observed, "and that the War Income Tax and the War Profits Tax will raise nineteen hundred million of it."

"Nineteen hundred and two million," Mr. Jones corrected.

Antoinette shrugged her shoulders. "What's a couple of million?"

"What's a couple of million!" Mr. Jones cried out and lifted his eyes to Heaven at the blasphemy. "What would you think if I told you that if the Secretary of the Treasury began countin' two million one dollar bills today and never stopped to eat or sleep or go to picture shows he'd still be countin' 'em a year from now? What would you think of that, eh?"

"I'd think the Secretary of the Treasury was very silly. I'll tell the world that if I was the Secretary of the Treasury I'd get the bank to give me the money in thousand dollar bills and then hire somebody else to do the counting. I think it's perfectly absurd for him to go without food or sleep."

"Arghh!" snarled Mr. Jones.

Antoinette quickly ran through the pages of the "War Revenue and Federal Income Tax Laws," showing a flash of interest only when she came to the last page. She read a few lines, then frowned and tossed the book on the table.

"I wanted to see whether he married the girl," she said, "but the story's not very clear."



"This tax thing is all wrong," said Mr. Jones as he picked up the book.

"Don't I hear that every day? Everybody that buys a ticket out front kicks around laying down the extra pennies—especially Judge Robinson, that makes the patriotic speeches at the rink and thinks he's done his bit because he bought a flag and tried to get poor old Mrs. Schmitz arrested as a German spy."

"Spy? What for?"

"She told the Judge, one day when she brought around the washing, that her 17-year-old boy, that before the war was working on a German liner, had been conscripted into the German army, and she hoped peace would come before he was hurt. So the Judge made his wife get another

washerwoman and wrote a letter to the county attorney about it."

"What did the county attorney do?"

"He thanked the Judge for letting him know where he could get a good washerwoman and gave Mrs. Schmitz a job."

"Good for him," approved Mr. Jones. "But you didn't get me on this tax. It's all right to raise the money and I'm for payin'. I'm yellin' about the way they break the news to you." He pointed an accusing finger at the book. "There's the laws; cold, dead words. I don't know what they're about, so naturally I'm again' 'em to start with. I'm for the war, so I try to read 'em. I get stuck, and all I can do is to wait until the gov'ment comes and tells me how much I owe. What I want to know is where do I get off? Am I goin' to have to close the show, or what?"

"Don't they tell you how much you have to pay?"

"I guess they do, if I could understand their language. But, doggone it, don't you see that I want somebody to come here and sell me the war? I want to be all enthusiastic about payin' my tax. I want to think I'm gettin' a bargain. I want to be jazzed up, so that the only reason I'm sore is because I won't be allowed to pay more, to buy more stock in the war. Get me?"

"Somewhat," said Antoinette.

"Down in Washington they need somebody like the guy that sold me the book, only better, you know. He sold me on the tax proposition in a minute better than the gov'ment has done in six months. He talked about 'one dollar,' somepin' I could understand—instead of yellin' about billions. He said it would bring me untold joy and make me prosperous, help my appetite and solve my little difficulties of hearth and home, and that it was a bargain because the greatest men in the country had worked for months layin' it out so that it wouldn't cost me more."

"He was selling the book?"

"He was," returned Mr. Jones. "But he could just as easy sold me stock in the war, which, as I understand it, is what I'm buyin' when I pay this tax. I gave him a dollar for the book and got stung, because I was buyin' somepin' I could get for nothin'. But his idea was all right. 'I thank you and you'll thank me,' he says when I gave him my dollar. That's what we need in Washington when they collect this money—a little more 'you'll thank me' stuff."

"You ought not to criticize the government," warned Antoinette.

"Am I criticizin' the gov'ment?" exclaimed the indignant Mr. Jones. "I'm as patriotic as the next one! My safe is full of Liberty Bonds, I raised near five hundred dollars for the smoke fund, and didn't I buy Red Cross memberships for all my help?"

"I'll tell the world you did," Antoinette agreed.

"I'm askin' 'em to make me more contented, that's all. If the city comes around and says, 'Pay me a hundred dollars, quick!' I pay, don't I? But I'm kinda peeved about it. But if the city comes and says, 'George, we're goin' to pave Main Street with asphalt. It'll be great for the farmers that come to town with heavy loads, it'll make the town look better, and as good citizens we owe it to our children to put everything in shipshape as we go and not leave too much for them to do. We've figured it out careful and your share'll be about a hundred dollars, which is a lot less than the First National Bank and Simmons's Department Store will pay, but we stick (Continued on page 31)

The Busy Editor's Handy Guide



Run a page of fancy-dress pictures in each issue. It is evidence of tremendous swank and takes the place of "comics"



And don't forget the dogs! This sort of picture sends the business office into ecstasies and makes a lifelong reader of Mrs. P. E. Kenese

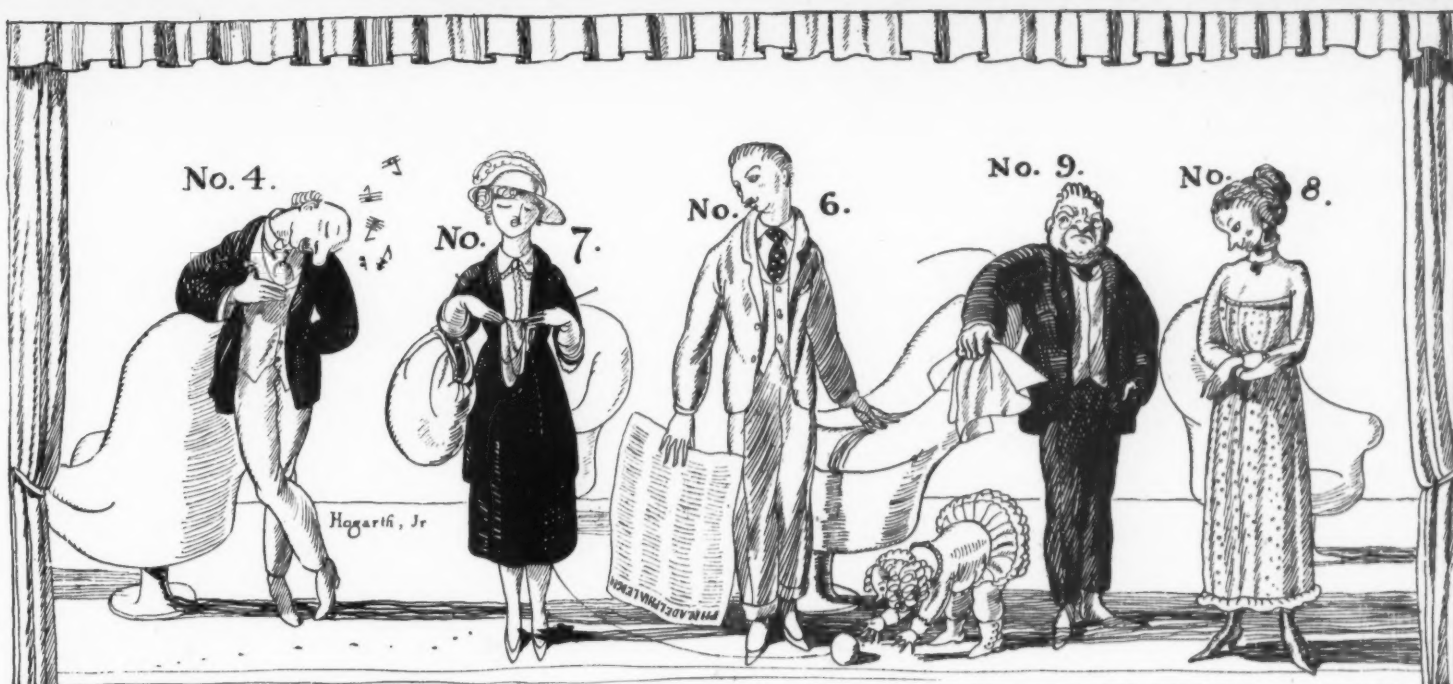


Men-of-affairs just dote on fashions! Give them the newest wrinkles in male attire and you clinch the club circulation



The nude dancer is ever with us. This model, using Puck's patent non-burstable bubble, can be adjusted to various poses as shown

And, since every number *must* have these pictures, we present, in the center, Puck's composite portrait of Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Jane Cowl, Nazimova, Elsie Janis and Gaby Deslys, to be used *ad lib*



Reckless Reginald

A Travel Tragedy in One Section

by GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

Costume Plates by WM. HOGARTH, JR.

SCENE: The parlor-car "Creosote" en route between Philadelphia and New York.

(REGINALD is discovered, more or less uncomfortably ensconced in his chair. He is as handsome as a movie-hero, but well-dressed. Enter the HELPFUL PORTER followed by the MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN WHO FIGHTS. Both are completely surrounded by luggage, bags, golf-sticks, etc. The Porter is black. The M.-A. G. purple. MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN glares at REGINALD.)

M-A.G. (showing ticket to Porter): Six . . . s'mine, isn't it?

PORTER (looking at ticket): Yas sah, thassit.

M-A.G. (loudly): Six!

REGINALD (fishing for his ticket): Pardon me

CAST OF CHARACTERS

REGINALD WIDE-EYES, Chair No. 6
THE BEAUTIFUL LADY OPPOSITE, Chair No. 7
THE MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN WHO FIGHTS, Chair No. 9
THE OLD GENTLEMAN WHO SNORES, Chair No. 4
THE BOOFUL BABY, At Large
THE BOOFUL BABY'S MOTHER, Chair No. 8
THE POMPOUS PARLOR-CAR CONDUCTOR
THE PEEVISH TRAIN CONDUCTOR
THE HELPFUL PORTER
THE VERSATILE VENDER

Walking
Gentlemen

TIME: The present

Moving scenery supplied by the State of
New Jersey

"One pair smart boots, ditto ankles in excellent condition, blue traveling dress, charming profile" . . . gets no further but instinctively begins wondering if he could be of any assistance. She is young, wonderfully pretty and evidently traveling alone . . . it's too sad! Shuts his eyes and tries to think how it's done in books. Wishes he were in khaki; is sure he could get away with it if he were. Suddenly, with a flash of romantic inspiration, resolves to compose a poem in her honor and to bribe the Porter to give it to her. The pen is mightier than the sword.

REGINALD (eyes closed, whispering): O Fair Unknown! How sweet it is . . .

OLD GENTLEMAN WHO SNORES: Biz, biz, biz, biz. (Continued on page 32)



The pompous parlor-car conductor

. . . I seem to have number six also. (brightly)
There must be a pair of sixes.

M-A.G. (fiercely): There can't be! (looks at Reginald's ticket). It's an infernal outrage! They've sold the same ticket twice. (Business of blasphemy.)

PORTER (to M-A.G.): 'Scuse me, sah, you been readin' your ticket upside-down. Thas number nine you got.

M-A.G.: Why didn't you say so? Damn such service. (Turns dark blue and sinks into chair number 9, from which he emits volcanic snorts and remarks deleted by the censor. REGINALD opens newspaper and glances at front page; registers ennui. It is a Philadelphia paper. Reads: "New Mayor expected to be behind the bars before Tuesday." Yawns, and turns to editorial page. Same business. Turns to corset advertisement; registers faint interest. Sees BEAUTIFUL LADY opposite and immediately registers admiration.)

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (off-stage): Ex-spress ff' N'Yawk spingat Wesphlia'n tren—aller-boooooord!

(Engine gives the Pennsylvania mating-cry and train starts. REGINALD adjusts newspaper so that he can take inventory of BEAUTIFUL LADY opposite.



The peevish train conductor

Just One Thing After Another

by CAROLYN WELLS



NO, I don't think we want Free Verse often, either. The pay kind is better in the long run. But just for once, in a sort of an I-am-the-master-of-my-feet spirit, let us try a composite poem by all the members of the Poetry Society at once. Let's call it

THE VERY HER

She never did seem real to me,
Sometimes I have felt sure she was gilded on with
a brush
And her face was decalcomanie.
Well, anyway,
She had a nondescript, negligible sort of
a body
Carelessly draped round her soul;
And most of the time
One or both of her feet were asleep
But I took her
And I scrubbed her soul
With *Bon Vivant*, or what-
ever you call it,
And set it in the sun to dry.
And then
I cr-r-racked the shell of her soul
And picked out the meat with a pin—
And
As I feared,
I found she was only a typographical
error,
And half-cracked anyway.

Concrete, you see, simply concrete, yet adumbrated by the hovering cumulus of a brooding genius, and so, lacking in dynamism. Still, it is *vers negligé* at its finest.

INQUISITORIAL IMPERTINENCE



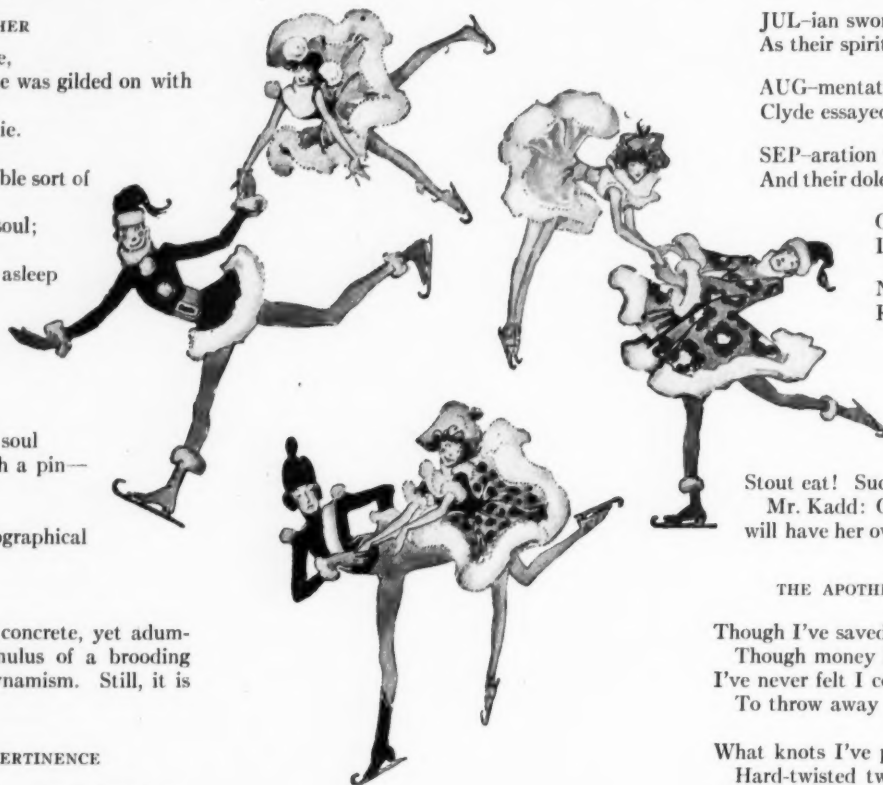
Am I alone in representing Interrogative Advertising? Does no one else feel his choler creeping up under his collar and his spirit riled as by the fret of plush rubbed the wrong way, when the impertinent query in big print whacks him in the eye: "Will there be a British War Tank in your home this Christmas?" Or, "Have you a little Ferry-boat in your Boudoir?" Isn't there another who hates to be asked "May we digest your Food for you?" and "Is your car a near-car?"

These things are maddening! And yet it is difficult to say *why* they are so. However, after deep and dark brown study, I conclude it is because we can't answer back. Could we retort, we'd doubtless be courteous, even kindly, but the mere fact that we can't, causes our human nature to rise in its contrariness and disavow the intent of having any of the things offered. To talk back is a great blessing. To be talked back to—is not much of a one. In fact, the safest person to talk to is the Room Clerk

of a big hotel. Demand what you will of him, he will never answer "Back!"

IN THE SCENE PAINTER'S STUDIO

Lady: Yes, Mr. Sylvan, I wish you to design for me a gown of canvas, painted just like that



APR-icots and melons sweet
Were the sole things she could eat.

MAY-be, if I had more wealth,
Clyde thought, she'd get back to health.

JUN-keting they could not go,
Both their hearts were filled with woe.

JUL-ian swore and Janice wept
As their spirits lower crept.

AUG-mentation of his kale
Clyde essayed, to no avail.

SEP-eration was their fate
And their dole was deep and great

OCT-ogenarian uncle died—
Leaving all his wealth to Clyde!

NOV-els never have detailed
Rapture such as then prevailed.

DEC-laration followed soon;
And they will be wed in June.

Miss Katt: I wish Mr.
Hoover could see Maisie
Stout eat! Such a lot of food going to waist!
Mr. Kadd: Oh, I know Maisie! She always
will have her own weigh!

THE APOTHEOSIS OF EXTRAVAGANCE

Though I've saved up a goodly hoard,
Though money here and there I fling,
I've never felt I could afford
To throw away a piece of string.

What knots I've patiently untied!
Hard-twisted twine—and cotton stuff—
Then neatly rolled and put aside.
(I *never* seem to get
enough!)

My home is modern and im-
mense,
My car is fit for prince or
king;
Some day I mean to
blow expense,
And throw away a
piece of string!

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER KISSES

A fearful sin, Incon-
stancy!
May woman ne'er cast *that*
gloom o'er me!
Yet say; 'tis different if she be
Inconstant to or for me!



A CALENDAR GIRL'S ROMANCE

JAN-ice was quite pale and ill,
Naught availed the doctor's skill.

FEB-rifuge was tried, and it
Didn't seem to help a bit.

MAR-ried she was not. But know
Julian Clyde was her best beau.



THE TRUTHFUL YOUTH

There once was a youth of Duluth,
Who vowed he'd speak nothing but truth.
He was clever and sly,
But once in a lie
A sleuth caught the youth of Duluth!

Miss Winter: "Isn't this a biting wind?"
Mr. Gale: "Rather! We're going right in the
teeth of the storm!"

Mr. Jones Tackles the Tax

(Continued from page 27)

them harder because they can afford it more than you can.' Suppose they tell me that? I pay right up and smile and tell them they oughtn't to stop at Main Street, but ought to fix up Second Street, too."

"Yes, but the government is different. It wouldn't be dignified," Antoinette thought.

"Dignified!" Mr. Jones snorted. "They're all men, human bein's. And as I get it, the President and his help are workin' for me, bein' one of the citizens of this country. The President says to me, 'Boss, I've contracted to do a big job, lick the Germans. Are you with me?' I answer, right away, 'You bet your life. Go to it!'"

"Then a lot of things happen," Mr. Jones went on. "We're asked for money for all kinds of things, and because we're to give what we like, they sell the idea to us; they show us why and what for. They go in for conscription, and we're strong for it, because they explain why we need it. But the Treasury Department comes along and gets the authority to collect whether we want to pay or not. So they go collect, not takin' the time to figure out that they're sellin' stock in the war and that they want to make us satisfied customers."

"Isn't it all in the book?" asked Antoinette.

"It is, but not so I can understand it. Here's a machine for gettin' money. I don't know anything about machinery, but the fellow that made it says 'the valves backfire on the hammer and cause a pluribus union on the—on the—'"

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," Antoinette suggested.

"Right! They tell me that when I want to know, 'How does it work?' I have a hunch the boys are all right and doin' their work well. I know how much they're goin' to spend, but I don't know how much of it is goin' to be my money and why. They use too many words."

"Suppose a motion picture man wants me to book his show. Say it's a good picture, that I ought to have. Suppose his press agent writes me, 'Mr. Jones, I want you to book, buy, purchase, lease, contract for, show or project this picture, film, photoplay, print, feature, entertainment or movie and the obligation, debt, charge, payment or price will be fifteen percentum of twice the sum of fifty times one dollar legal tender per diem payable—' Where would he get off sellin' me that picture?"

"They have to use that legal language in laws," said Antoinette.

"But can't they get somebody to write a little press agent stuff about 'em?"

"I've read about George Creel, the information—"

"He don't do me any good. Suppose I write him and say, 'Dear Mr. Creel: My house seats 400 and my show costs me thirty dollars a

day and my profits are going down fast. I have a mortgage for \$400 on a farm that ain't any good and a wife and two children. How much do I owe you?' Think I'd get a rise? But suppose I asked the Secretary of the Treasury to stop a minute and tell me about things. If he took the time don't you think he could show me just why I was mighty lucky to be able to pay what he asked and get me so excited over the war that I'd not only be tickled to death to come across, but I'd go around and find Senator Higgins and abuse him because he didn't fix things so I'd be able to pay more?"

"I'll tell the world it doesn't sound dignified," Antoinette persisted.

"Ain't the gov'ment sellin' us on everything else? Don't they tell us the Red Cross and—and our hate for the Germans, the army and the food control? Huh, I guess not," said Mr. Jones, satirically. "Not any more than Billy Sunday sells religion. And I'm for it! That's why I'm kickin'. I want 'em to sell me the war, the cost of the war—get me? Just to keep me contented. I want 'em to press agent the tax because it's the tax that hits me hardest. The worse they tax me the worse I'll hate the war, see? Unless they sell me, the first thing I know I'll be longin' for peace like a dirty Boshaweeki."

"I think you're all wrong," asserted Antoinette. "We're all patriotic and we're going to fight this war without complaining. Your idea isn't sound."

"I tell you it is sound." He turned in his chair and picked up the book, indicating that the conversation was at an end.

Antoinette tapped her fingers on the table, deep in thought. She had come in early, prepared to demand peremptorily a raise in salary and to threaten to quit unless she got it.

"Maybe there is something in it," she admitted to herself. Aloud she began, "Mr. Jones, as ticket seller for you I have been able to save you many dollars. I have brought added business and . . ."

"You're right, Annie," Mr. Jones agreed, after hearing her selling argument. "And instead of giving you a raise of three dollars a week I'll make it five. I hadn't realized how hard you were working and what you were doing for me."

They shook hands on it, and Antoinette went into the box office and climbed into her chair.

"Well, I'm blessed!" she said thoughtfully. "Maybe there's something in it after all."

SATIRIST—One who appreciates that the world is standing on its head, who seeks to stand it upon its feet, and who therefore is accused by the world of attempting to turn it topsy-turvy.



We Must "Follow-Up"

The story of the Gallipoli withdrawal is a tale of inadequate support. Like Salamanders clinging to the red-hot bars of a fiery furnace, the boys of Australia and New Zealand clung to the slopes of Anzac. Desperately, heroically they clung. No troops under any circumstances ever displayed greater soldierly qualities or upheld more sacredly the best traditions of England's Army. But they had to withdraw because the "follow-up" was not there.

To some of us it has been given to march with the columns of troops that go to France. And to others it is given to wave Godspeed. But he who marches and he who stays is equally a citizen of the world's

mightiest republic and equally responsible for its success in this greatest of undertakings.

Then let us at home turn from our flag waving and consider how necessary we are, how useful we must be. Those who go to fight cannot hope to win by naked bravery and we cannot hope to win unless every individual at home does *all* he can. We must have no Gallipoli.

The Bell System is only one of the myriad great and small industries which are co-operating that nothing be left undone to keep a constant, efficient stream of men, guns, ammunition, food, clothing and comforts flowing to the front.



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and list of Patent Buyers.

Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 165, Washington, D. C.

Reckless Reginald

(Continued from page 29)

(REGINALD, very much annoyed,
peers around corner of chair ahead of
him and inspects the remains. It is
horrible. The old gentleman's head
seems about to come off—REGINALD
wishes it would—his mouth is wide-
open; it is like looking down a subway
entrance.)

REGINALD (desperately): "How
sweet it is, is, liz, whiz, his . . .

OLD GENTLEMAN: Biz, biz, 'z, 'z.
(REGINALD savagely thrusts his foot
at O.G.'s chair at which O. G. gurgles
like an expiring bath, and presumably
chokes to death. REGINALD resumes
composition, making a fresh and very
unpoetic start. "'Twas on the good
ship 'Creosote,' " which he rejects.
Tries again. "I was seated one day
in a parlor-car.")

BOOFUL BABY (falling with a loud
crash between Reginald's chair-arm
and the window): Blah! blah! blah!

REGINALD: Damn!
BOOFUL BABY'S MOTHER (rescuing
B. B.): O Mortimer, precious lamb.
Come to mummy. (holds B. B. to
window) See 'um pitty moo-cow.
Oo! Baby see 'um moo-cow.

BOOFUL BABY (in Reginald's ear):
Moo!

REGINALD (desperately): "Across
the aisle, I saw her smile—That's
better. "Smile, bile, file."

HELPLEFUL PORTER (passing): Was
you the gemman asked for the table,
sah?

REGINALD: No!
GENTLEMAN WHO FIGHTS: Hey,
Porter! Confound it—C'mere with
that table!

(Porter passes.)
REGINALD:

"Across the aisle, I saw her smile,
So sweet, so bright, for half a mile."
No, that won't do. Sounds like the
world's record for the running broad-
grin.

"So sweet, so bright . . ."

BOOFUL BABY (Inventing new in-
door sport by raising and lowering
window's shade back of Reginald):
Up . . . down, up . . . down. (etc.
ad lib.)

(REGINALD, who is alternately in
blazing sunlight and absolute blackness,
wearily gives up poem idea. Looks
across aisle and is thrilled to find his
eyes met by those of BEAUTIFUL LADY
who appears to smile faintly. REGI-
NALD burst into cold perspiration and
reads Philadelphia "Ledger" editorial
upside down, finding that it means just
as much that way as any other.)

(BEAUTIFUL LADY presses push but-
ton. Ten years seem to elapse, after
which HELPLEFUL PORTER enters.)

HELPLEFUL PORTER: Did you ring,
mam?

BEAUTIFUL LADY (in a voice of sil-
ver): Yes. Will you bring me a foot-
rest?

REGINALD (trying by clever footwork
to slide cushion across aisle): Oh, allow
me! Pardon me, I . . .

(Cushion clings like a limpet to carpet
and refuses to slide. Porter pries it
loose.)

BEAUTIFUL LADY (with a distinctly
friendly smile): Thank you so much.

REGINALD (dizzily): Not at all.
It's a great pleasure, I . . .

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (coarsely): All
tickets, please. (Reginald delivers ticket.)

BEAUTIFUL LADY (looking in purse,
hand-bag, traveling-case, glove and
handkerchief): I know I had it. (Re-
moves half-finished army muffler from
bag and shakes it. Ticket falls on floor.)

REGINALD (pouncing on ticket):
Here it is.

BEAUTIFUL LADY: Thank you so
much.

REGINALD: Not at all. It's
really . . .

PARLOR CAR CONDUCTOR (rudely):
Parlor-car tickets, please. All parlor-
car tickets . . . Thank you.

(Procession of Conductors passes.
BEAUTIFUL LADY takes up knitting
and turns toward the window. REGI-
NALD watches her tenderly. Very
gradually she begins to nod over her
work and finally dozes. Her ball of
yarn slips from her lap and following
a lurch of the train, rolls across the
aisle toward REGINALD, who imprisons
it gently between his feet. Its very
contact sends a thrill over his being.
It is a live-wire of tremendous emotional
voltage.)

BOOFUL BABY (inserting itself be-
tween Reginald's chair and window):
Da-da, da-da.

BOOFUL BABY'S MOTHER (blushing-
ly): O Mortimer, that isn't da-da.

REGINALD (with devilish inspiration):
Poopy baby. See 'um nice ball.
(Hands B. B. ball of yarn.)

BOOFUL BABY: Ba . . . ba. (Per-
forms mysterious rites with ball and
exits in general direction of Philadel-
phia. Muffler rapidly becomes only
one quarter done. Reginald disturbed,
realizes that it is his cue.)

REGINALD (sounding the alarm by
pulling yarn): I beg your pardon.
I hate to disturb you.

(Muffler is now one-eighth finished.)

VERSATILE VENDER (passing): Can-
dies, bon-bons, almond bars.

MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN WHO
FIGHTS (passing in opposite direction):
Whatinell is all this? Where'd all
this string come from?

BOOFUL BABY (passing between
M-A.G.'s legs, still clutching yarn):
Ba-ba.

(Exit muffler.)

BEAUTIFUL LADY (waking suddenly):
My muffler! Where is it?

VENDER: Say, what's the
idea?

MIDDLE-AGED GENTLE-
MAN: !*?—!!!! in unison

BOOFUL BABY'S MOTHER:
Mortimer!!

BOOFUL BABY: Ba-ba.

HELPLEFUL PORTER: Brush you off,
sir?

OLD GENTLEMAN WHO SNORES:
Biz . . . biz.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (loudly): N'
YAWK! All out!

(Exit Reginald hurriedly.)
CURTAIN.

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PUCK

Phoebe Foster Hits "The Gypsy Trail"

(Continued from page 15)

not in the least humorous. They are most uncomplimentary on the subject. Oh, I am particularly fond of comedy. I adore it."

This was the most astounding turn of all. I could stand a pretty girl who knew nothing of the stage's "temptations"; I could contemplate her adopting the stage free from parental opposition (with an effort!); I could listen to her perfectly ingenuous story of the simple theater life, but really I couldn't believe that she had no designs upon the emotions.

She realized my incredulous attitude readily. "I want to appear in a real comedy," she declared, "and see everybody roaring with laughter at me. Why is that so strange? Why shouldn't I like humor?"

When I considered the matter, there was no reason why she shouldn't crave for mirth, except the almost inevitable rule that young girls love to weep! They clamor for *Juliet* and other lacrimose heroines.

"Don't tell me—please don't tell me—that you go on the stage to play a new part without feeling nervous or apprehensive?"

I waited for her answer rather uneasily, for I made up my mind that if

she experienced no hesitation on the eve of a new rôle, she deserved nothing less than—dramatization. And I would do it. On her answer would depend her fate.

"I am nervous," she said; "I am scared to death. I am sorry to admit it, for it shows weakness, but I am beside myself with terror on an opening night."

The relief of that confession! It was the stage touch that I had missed so far, and although I am very fond of the unconventional, there is a limit. Little Miss Phoebe Foster was not proof against all stage tradition.

"I am so glad!" I sighed; "I am delighted!"

Miss Foster looked at me as though she thought I had gone suddenly crazy. And I refused to explain myself, or to wax communicative on the subject of my strange delight. And then came the call for the next act, which was my cue to beat a retreat. And during all our chat, let me say that Miss Foster never powdered her nose once, never arranged a stray hair, never looked in the mirror, and never dabbed on a suspicion of rouge. Note that, please.

Oh, Wisdom!

(Continued from page 9)

the reason he wants you to come. Maybe it's got something to do with the synagogue. Mr. Katz is very religious, only he don't often show it. And he got money to burn in a bonfire."

Lapinsky then called upon Schmulevitch, who owned the mortgage of \$5000 on the Medusa Moving Picture Theater; on Fishel, who was Katz's butcher, and on Mr. and Mrs. Cohen. Mr. Cohen was Katz's brother-in-law. Lapinsky insisted that Mrs. Cohen come along to act as chaperone for Mrs. Katz.

Lapinsky had arranged to meet his employer in the café of the hotel. Promptly at eleven o'clock he found him there. Katz was quite pale and perspiring.

"D'ye think it's safe?" he asked.

"Safe?" repeated Lapinsky. "D'ye think them girls is going to brag about meeting you? They meet swell fellows every night. Have you got enough money with you?"

"Sure," said Katz. "But if you think I'm going to spend all what I got you better do some more thinking. Thirty dollars you said the supper will cost."

Lapinsky nodded, and for a moment gazed at his employer in silence. Then, tapping Katz upon his shirt front, he said,

"Did you ever think what a dirty trick that was when you called me down in front of them ladies for deadheading 'em in the show?"

"This ain't no time to talk about it," said Katz. "When do we go up-stairs?"

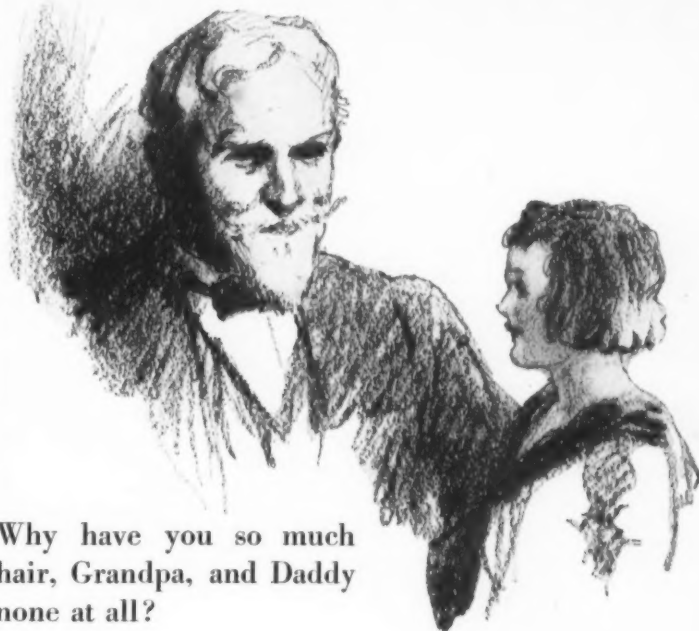
"I guess we can go now," replied Lapinsky, looking at his watch. "Only when you get introduced to Miss Blue don't start kissing her right away. She always expects a man to wait half an hour."

Lapinsky then led Katz up-stairs and gently pushed him into the private room when Mrs. Katz, the Rabbi, Schmulevitch, the mortgage owner; Fishel, the butcher, and Mr. and Mrs. Cohen were seated around a festive-looking table.

Most of us mortals manage to get through life smugly satisfied with our dower of intelligence. We envy others their health, their wealth, their looks, their charm and those other qualities which the vagaries of fortune bestow upon the individual. But rarely do we envy them their intelligence. Our own is always satisfactory to us. Occasionally, however, we find ourselves in a predicament so unexpected, so bewildering and so far removed from the ordinary path of our experience that, for a brief moment, we yearn for greater wisdom than we possess to cope with it. And this was Katz's moment.

Lapinsky quickly put his arm around his employer's waist to keep him from collapsing.

(Concluded on page 34)



Why have you so much hair, Grandpa, and Daddy none at all?

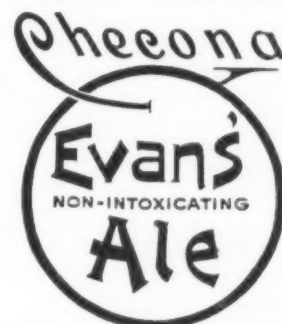
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Oh, Wisdom!

(Concluded from page 33)

"Here he is!" he exclaimed, cheerfully. "And he don't want nobody to ask any questions until he has a has a drink and something to eat."

Katz sank limply into a chair at the head of the table and gulped down the drink which Lapinsky offered him. He gazed around at the questioning eyes that were fixed upon him and his own fell. Then Lapinsky arose, laid his hand upon his employer's shoulder and, with an amiable smile, addressed the gathering.

"The reason why Mr. Katz feels kind of queer," said he, "is because he ain't used to doing what he's going to do and he asked me to make a speech about it first. Take it from me, Mr. Katz got a heart as big as—as—as a house on fire. He ain't a piker. Once he got sore because business was bad and he lost his temper. But he apologized like a perfect gentleman and he says to me, 'Lapinsky, old man,' he says, 'one of these days I'm going to show you how much I appreciate all what you done for me. You're the best operator what ever run off a five-reeler.' Well, sir, yesterday he told me that the time is came and he was going to ask his friends to a little blow-out and let them all see him hand me a hundred dollar bill to square things. I got a lot of letters from him to prove it. Now, Mr. Katz it's up to you to make good."

Fishel, the butcher, applauded. Katz wiped the perspiration from his forehead and stared at Lapinsky. Then, slowly, he drew a roll of bills from his pocket, counted out the required amount and, with a deep sigh, handed it to his operator.

"Now I got to have a drink," he said. He turned to his wife.

"I never told you what a smart man Lapinsky is," he said. "D'ye know why? I didn't know it myself. But he got a offer for a better job and he's going to leave me to-morrow."

Lapinsky grinned.

"It's a long worm what ain't got no turning," he said. "But as long as by-gones is by-gones, I'll say good-night and wish everybody a good appetite."

Katz followed him out into the corridor.

"Now, you dirty *gonif*," he said, quietly, "give me back them letters I signed. The only thing you said what wasn't a lie was about the long worm. Some time a day will come."

"I ain't got the letters with me," replied Lapinsky, "but you don't got to worry. I don't know any of them girls. I just addressed them to the studio where they work. They're down in the office."

"Telephone down to Moey to bring them right up," said Katz. "You got your money and you got to do the right thing."

"Sure," said Lapinsky. "Katz accompanied his operator to the telephone booth and listened.

"Is this you, Moey? This is me, Mister Lapinsky. On my desk you'll find half a dozen letters with stamps

on them. Bring them right up to—what's that? They ain't there? You what? You mailed them yesterday—Oy! Oy! Oy!"

The receiver fell from Lapinsky's hand and he turned to gaze into the pale and horror-stricken face of his employer.

"He mailed them?" said Katz in a hoarse whisper. Lapinsky nodded.

"And they're coming up here?" Lapinsky shrugged his shoulders.

"I should know what movie girls will do!" he said. "Anyway, they don't know you from Adam and Eve."

And at that moment they beheld the head waiter approaching down the corridor with something young, blond, fluffy and furry in his wake. Katz clutched Lapinsky by both arms.

"For God's sake keep her out!" he cried.

"This way for Mr. Katz's party," said the head-waiter.

"D'ye mind taking the young lady down in the parlor, Otto?" said Lapinsky. "We'll be right down." Then he turned to Katz.

"How about them worms?" he asked, grinning. "If I get rid of them girls do I keep my job? You got to swear it because I wouldn't believe you if you didn't."

"I swear it," said Katz fervently. "Only don't let 'em come up here."

"And once in a while can I dead-head my lady friends in the theater?"

"Every week once," said Katz. "Please go down and get rid of them. Maybe more will come and Mrs. Katz will get suspicious."

Lapinsky shook hands with his employer and then went down to the parlor. He found that the young, blond, fluffy and furry creature was also highly perfumed.

"I'm Miss Ida Haze," she said. "If you're Mr. Katz, I guess it's a mistake. I met a Mr. Katz, a broker, in California last winter and I thought it was him."

"No," said Lapinsky, "I ain't Mr. Katz. My name's Lapinsky. But the Mr. Katz what's up-stairs is in the shoe business in Detroit. He was expecting a Miss Haze what used to be in grand opera."

The girl rose.

"I'm so sorry," she said, and, with a smile, started toward the door.

"Wait a minute," said Lapinsky. "If you ain't got a date maybe you'd like to have a little supper with me." He smiled at her, tenderly. The girl's eyes opened wide.

"With you?" she asked. Then she burst into laughter and walked out of the room. Lapinsky gazed after her. His smile slowly died out. He heard a chuckle and turned toward one of the side doors. There stood Katz, shaking with silent laughter.

"The regular ladies' man!" said Katz.

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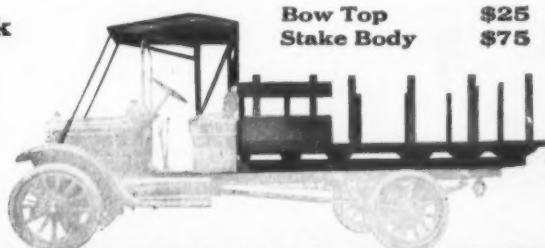
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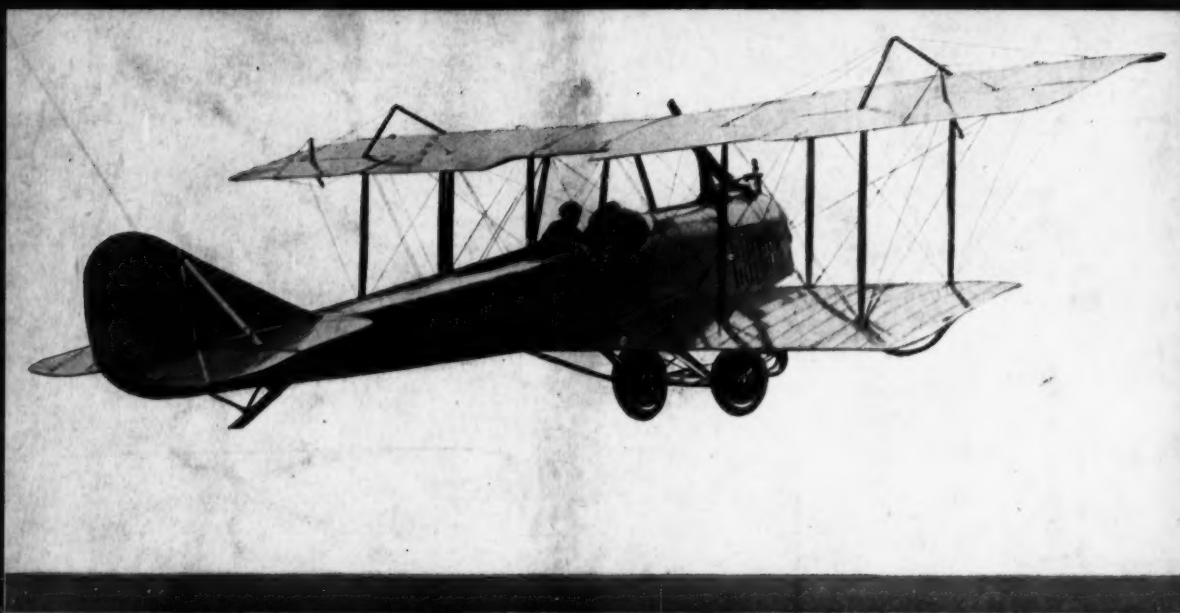
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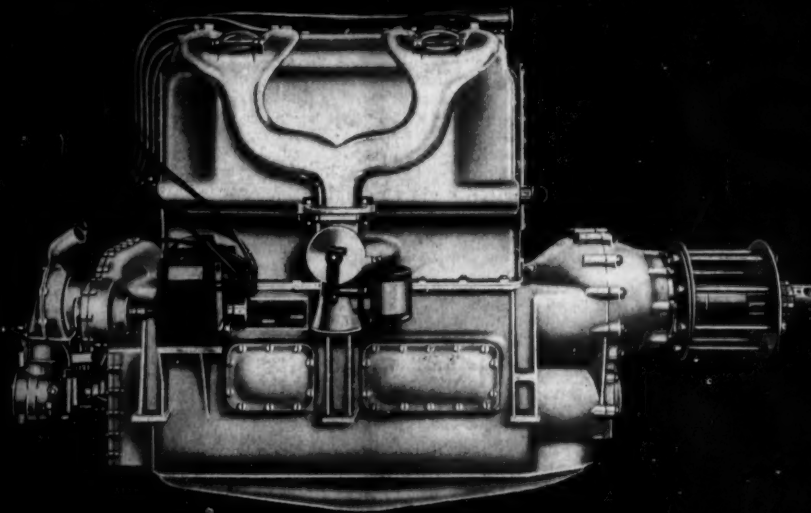
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